

*Oxford B.*  
THE  
ROMAN  
ACTOR.

TRAGÆDIE.

As it hath diuers times bene with  
good allowance Acted, at the private  
Play-houſe in the *Black-Friers*,  
by the Kings Majesties  
Servants.

WRITTEN  
By PHILIP MASSINGER.



LONDON.

Printed by I. I. for ROBERT ALLOY, and  
are to be sold at a Shop at the ſigne of the *Beare*  
in *St. Dunstons Church-yard*, 1629.

The persons presented.

*Domitianus Caesar.*  
*Paris* the Tragædian.  
*Parthenius* a free-man of  
*Caesars.*  
*Ælius, Lamia,* and *Siephanos.*  
*Innius Rusticus.*  
*Arctinnus Clemens, Caesars*  
*Spic.*  
*Æsopus* a Player.  
*Philargus* a rich Miser.  
*Palphurius Sura,* a Senator  
*Latinus* a Player.  
 3. Tribunes.  
 2. Lictors.  
*Domitia* the wife of *Ælius*  
*Lamia.*  
*Domitilla* cousin germane  
 to *Caesar.*  
*Julia Titus* Daughter.  
*Canis, Vespasianus* Concu-  
 bine.

The principall Actors.

JOHN LOVIN.  
 JOSEPH TAYLOR.  
 RICHARD SHARPE.  
 THOMAS POLLARD.  
 ROBERT BENFIELD.  
 EYLLARDT SVVANSTONE.  
 RICHARD ROBINSON.  
 ANTHONY SMITH.  
 WILLIAM PATTRICKE.  
 CVRTISE GREVILL.  
 GEORGE VERNON.  
 JAMES HORNE.  
 JOHN TOMPSON.  
 JOHN HUNNIMAN.  
 WILLIAM TRIGGE.  
 ALEXANDER GOYON.





To my much Honoured, and most  
true *Friends*, Sir PHILIP KNYVET,  
Knight and Baronet. And Sir THOMAS  
LEAY, Knight. And THOMAS BELLINGHAM  
of Newtimber in *Sussex*  
Esquire.

**H**ow much I acknowledge my  
selfe bound for your so ma-  
ny, & extraordinary fauors  
confer'd vpon me, as farre as  
it is in my power posterity shall take notice,  
I were most vnworthy of such noble  
friends, if I should not with all Thanke-  
fulnesse, professe, and owne em. In the  
composition of this Tragedie you were my  
only Supporters, and it being now by your  
principall encouragement to be turn'd into  
the world, it cannot walke safer, then vn-  
der your protection. It hath beene happie

in the suffrage of some learned, and judicious Gentlemen when it was presented, nor shall they find cause I hope in the perusal, to repent them of their good opinion of it. If the gravity and height of the subject distaste such as are onely affected with Figges, and ribaldrie (as I presume it will,) their condemnation of me, and my Poem, can no way offend me: my reason teaching me such malicious, and ignorant detractors deserue rather contempt, then satisfaction. I ever held it the most perfit birth of my Minerua; and therefore, in justice offer it to those that haue best deseru'd of me, who I hope in their courteous acceptance will render it worth their receiuing, and euer, in their gentle construction of my imperfections, beleue they may at their pleasure dispose of him, that is wholly, and sincerelie

Devoted  
to their seruice.

Philip Massinger.

*To his deare Friend the Author.*

**I** Am no great admirer of the Playes,  
Poets, or Actors, that are now adayes:  
Yet in this Worke of thine me thinkes I see  
Sufficient reason for Idolatrie.  
Each line thou hast taught *CÆSAR* is, as high  
As Hee could speake, when groueling Flatterie,  
And His owne pride (forgetting Heavens rod)  
By His Editors stil'd himselfe great Lord and God.  
By thee againe the Lawrell crownes His Head;  
And thus reviu'd, who can affirme him dead?  
Such power lyes in this loftie straine as can  
Giue Swords, and legions to *D. MITTAS*.  
And when thy *PARYS* pleades in the defence  
Of Actors, every grace, and excellence  
Of Argument for that subject, are by Thee  
Contracted in a sweete Epitome.  
Nor doe thy Women the tyr'd Hearers vex,  
With language no way proper to their sex.  
Iust like a cunning Painter thou lets fall  
Copies more faire then the Originall.  
I'll adde but this. From all the moderne Playes  
The Stage hath lately borne, this winnes the Bayes.  
And if it come to tryall boldly looke  
To carrie it cleere, Thy witnessse being thy Booke.

In Philippi Massingeri, Poeta elegantiss:

*Actorem Romanum. typis excusum.*

*Druckort.*

**E**Cce Philippina, celebrata Tragedia. Musa  
Quam Roscius Britonum. Roscius egis, adest.  
Semper, fronde ambo vireant Parnasside, semper  
Liber ab invidia dentibus esto; Liber;  
Crebra papyrini spernas incendia petri  
Thui, Vanum expositis tegmina sutu libri:  
Nec metuas rancos, Momorum Sybilla, rhencos  
T am bardus nebulo si tamen ullus, erit.  
Nam toties festis, actum, placuisse Theatri  
Quod liquet, hoc, Cusum, crede, placebis, opus.

*Tho: G.*

To his deserving Friend Mr. Philip Massinger,  
upon his Tragedie, the Roman Actor.

**P**A R T S, the best of Actors in his age  
Acts yet, and speaks vpon our Roman Stage  
Such lines by thee, as doe not derogate  
From *Romes* proud heights, and Her then learned State.  
Nor great *Domitians* fauour; not th'embraces  
Of a faire Empreffe, nor those often graces  
Which from th'applying Theaters were pay'd  
To His braue Action, nor His ashes layd  
In the *Flaminian* way, where people strow'd  
His Graue with flowers, and *Martials* wit bestow'd  
A lasting Epitaph, not all these same  
Doe adde so much renoune to *Paris* name,  
As this that thou presentst his Historie  
So well to vs. For which in thanks would Hee  
(If that His soule, as thought *Pythagoras*  
Could into any of our Actors passe)  
Life to these Lines by action gladly giue  
Whose Pen so well has made His storie liue.

*Tho: May.*



Vpon Mr. MASSINGER His Roman

**T**O write, is growne so common in our Time  
That euery one, who can but frame a Rime  
Howeuer monstrous, giues Himselfe that praise  
Which onely Hee should claime, that may weare Bayes  
By their Applause whose judgements apprehend  
The weight, and truth, of what they dare commend.  
In this belotted Age (friend) 'tis thy glory  
That Heere thou hast out done the Roman story.  
Domitians pride; His wines lust vnabated  
In death; with *Paris*, meerly were related  
Without a Soule, Vntill thy abler Pen  
Spoke them, and made them speake, nay Act agen  
In such a height, that Heere to know their Deeds  
Hee may become an Actor that put Readers.

*John Faarde.*

**L**ong 'st thou to see proud *Cesar* set in State,  
His Morning greatness, or his Evening fate?  
With admiration heere behold him fall  
And yet out-live his tragique Funerall:  
For 'tis a question whether *Cesars* Glorie  
Rose to its heighth before, or in this Storie.  
Or whether *Paris* in *Domitians* fauour  
Were more exalted, then in this thy labour.  
Each line speakes him an Emperour, eu'ry phrase  
Crownes thy deseruing temples with the Bayes;  
So that reciprocally both agree  
Thou liu'st in him and Hee surviues in Thee.

*Robert Harvey.*

To His long knowne and lou'd Friend,

Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER,

upon His Roman Actor.

If that my Lines being plac'd before thy Booke  
Could make it sell, or alter but a looke  
Of some lowre Censurer, who's apt to say  
No one in these Times can produce a Play  
Worthy his reading, since of late, 'tis true  
The old accepted are more then the new  
Or could I on some Spot of the Court worke so  
To make him speake no more then He doth know;  
Nor borrowing from His flattering flatter'd friend  
What to dispraise, or wherefore to commend.  
Then (gentle Friend) I should not blush to bee  
Rank'd'mongst those worthy ones, which heere I see  
Vshering this Worke, but why I write to Thee  
Is to profess our loues Antiquitie,  
Which to this *Tragedie* must giue my test,  
Thou hast made many good, but this thy best.

Joseph Taylor.

THE

THE ROMAN ACTOR,  
A Tragedie.

ACTVS. I. SCENA. I.

Enter *Paris*, *Latinus*, *Aſepus*.

*Aſep.* **W**Hat doe wee aſſe to day?  
*Latinus.* *A gentle phrenſie*  
With *Pompeius* bloudie end.  
*Paris.* It ſhalls not what

The times are dull, and all that wee receiue  
Will hardly ſatiſſie the dayes Expece.  
The *Greekes* (to whom we owe the fiſt inuention  
Both of the buſkinde ſcene and humble ſtocke)  
That raigne in euery noble familie  
Declaime againſt vs; and our *Ambaſſadors*  
Great *Pompies* worke, that both gaineſoll delihte  
Both to the eye, and eare of fifty thouſand  
Spectators in one day, as if it were  
Some vnkowne deſert, or great Roome vnpeopl'd,  
Is quite forſaken.

*Latin.* Pleaſures of worſe natures  
Are gladly entertayn'd, and they that ſhun vs,  
Practiſe in prinate ſports the *Stewes* would bluſh at.  
A Litter borne by eight *Liburnian* ſlaues,  
To buy Diſeaſes from a glorious ſtammer,  
The moſt cenſorious of our Roman *patric*  
Nay of the guarded robe the Senators,  
Eſſeeme an eaſie purchaſe,

*Paris.* Yet grudge vs  
(That with delight joyne profit and emulacour  
To build their mindes vp faire, and on the Stage

To His long knowne and lou'd Friend,

Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER,

*upon His Roman Actor.*

**I**F that my Lines being plac'd before thy Books  
Could make it sell, or alter but a looke  
Of some lowre Censurer, who's apt to say  
No one in these Times can produce a Play  
Worthy his reading, since of late, 'tis true  
The old accepted are more then the new;  
Or could I on some Spot o' the Court worke so  
To make him speake no more then He doth know;  
Not borrowing from His flattering flatter'd friend  
What to dispraise, or wherefore to commend.  
Then (gentle Friend) I should not blush to bee  
Rank'd 'mongst those worthy ones, which heere I see  
Vshering this Worke, but why I write to Thee  
Is to professe our loues Antiquitie,  
Which to this *Tragadie* must giue my test,  
Thou hast made many good, but this thy best.

*Ioseph Taylor.*

THE



THE ROMAN ACTOR.  
A Tragedie.

ACTVS, I. SCENA, I.

Enter Paris, Latinus, Asopus.

Asop.

VV

What doe wee acte to day?

*Latinus.* Agave's phrensie

With *Pompeus* bloudie end.

*Paris.* It skils not what

The times are dull, and all that wee receive  
Will hardly satisfie the dayes expence.

The *Greekes* (to whom we owe the first invention  
Both of the buskind scene and humble stocke)

That raigne in every noble familie

Declaine against vs; and our *Amphitheater*

Great *Pompeus* worke, that hath giv'n full delight

Both to the eye, and eare of fifty thousand

Spectators in one day, as if it were

Some vnkowne desert, or great *Rome* vnpeopl'd,

Is quite forsaken.

*Latin.* Pleasures of worse natures

Are gladly enterrayn'd, and they that shun vs,

Practise in private sports the *Stewes* would blush at.

A Litter borne by eight *Liburnian* Chaires,

To buy Diseases from a glorious stinper,

The most censorious of our *Roman* gentrie,

Nay of the guarded robe the *Senators*,

Esteeme an easie purchase,

*Paris.* Yet grudge vs

(That with delight joyne profit and endeanour

To build their mindes vp faire, and on the Stage

# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Decipher to the life what honours waite  
On good, and glorious actions, and the shame  
That treads vpon the heeles of vice. The salarie  
Of six Sesterij :

*Asop.* For the profit *Paru*.  
And mercinarie gaine they are things beneath vs  
Since while you hold your grace, and power with *Cesar*,  
We from your bounty finde a large supply,  
Nor can one thought of want euer approach vs,  
*Par.* Our alme is glorie, and to leaue our names  
To after times.

*Latin.* And would they giue vs leaue  
There ends all our ambition.

*Asop.* Wee haue enemies  
And great ones too, I feare. 'Tis giuen out lately  
The Consull *Arrensant* (*Cesars* spie)  
Sayd at his Table ere a moneth expir'd  
(For being gald in our last Comedie)  
He would silence vs for euer.

*Par.* I expect  
No fauour from him, my strong *Auentine* is  
That great *Domitian*, whom we oft haue cheer'd  
In his most fullen moodes will once returne,  
Who can repaire with ease, the Consuls ruine.

*Lat.* 'Tis frequent in the Citie, he hath subdued  
The Catti, and the Daci, and ere long  
The second time will enter *Rome* in triumph.

*Enter two Lillors.*

*Par.* Loue hasten it, with vs? I now belecue  
The Consuls threatens *Asopus*.

1. *Lil.* You are summon'd  
To appeare to day in Senate.

2. *Lil.* And thereto answer  
What shall be vrg'd against you.

*Par.* We obry you  
Nay droope not fellowes, innocence should be bould

Wee

# TRAGEDIE.

We that have personated in the Scenes  
The ancient Heroes, and the fables of Princes  
With loud applause, being to act our selues,  
Must doe it with vndaunted confidence.  
What ere our sentence be thinke 'tis in sport.  
And though condemn'd lets heare it without sorrow  
As if we were to liue againe to morrow.

1. *List.* 'Tis spoken like your selfe.

*Enter Aelius, Lamia, Iunius, Rusticus, Palphurus, Sura.*

*Lam.* Whether goes *Paris*?

1. *List.* He's cited to the Senate.

*Lat.* I am glad the State is  
So free from matters of more waight and trouble  
That it has vacant time to looke on vs.

*Par.* That reuerend place, in which the affaires of Kings,  
And prouinces were determin'd, to descend  
To the censure of a bitter word, or iest,  
Drop'd from a Poets pen i peace to your Lordships  
We are glad that you are safe. *Exeunt Listors, Paris, La-*

*Lam.* What times are these? *tions, Asepus.*  
To what is *Rome* false? may we being alone  
Speake our thoughts freely of the Prince, and State,  
And not feare the informer.

*Rust.* Noble *Lamia*,  
So dangerous the age is, and such bad acts  
Are practis'd every where, we hardly sleepe  
Nay cannot dreame with safetic. All our actions  
Are cal'd in question, to be nobly borne  
Is now a crime; and to deserue too well  
Held Capitall treason. Sonnes accuse their Fathers,  
Fathers their sonnes, and but to winne a smile  
From one in grace in Court, our chafest Marrons  
Make shipwracke of their honours. To be vertuous  
Is to bee guilty. They are onely safe  
That know to sooth the Princes appetite,  
And serue his lusts.

# THE ROMAN ACTOR,

*Sura.* Tis true; and tis my wonder  
That two sonnes of so different a nature,  
Should spring from good *Vespasian*. We had a *Time*,  
Stil'de iustly the delight of all mankind,  
Who did esteeme that day lost in his life  
In which some one or other tasted not  
Of his magnificent bounties. One that had  
A readie teare when he was forc'd to signe  
The death of an offender. And so farre  
From pride, that he disdain'd not the conuerse  
Euen of the poorest Roman.

*Lam.* Yet his brother  
*Domitian*, that now swayes the power of things,  
Is so inclin'd to blood, that noe day passes  
In which some are not fallend to the hooke;  
Or throwne downe from the Gemonies. His freemen  
Scorne the Nobilitie, and he himselve  
As if he were not made of flesh and blood,  
Forgets he is a man.

*Rust.* In his young yeeres  
He shew'd what he would be when growne to ripenesse.  
His greatell pleasure was being a childe  
With a sharpp pointed bodkin to kill flies,  
Whose roomes now men supply. For his escape  
In the *Vitellian* warre he rais'd a Temple  
To *Jupiter*, and proudly plac'd his figure  
In the bosome of the God. And in his edicts  
He does not blush, or start to stile himselve  
(As if the name of Emperour were base)  
Great Lord, and God *Domitian*.

*Sura.* I haue letters  
He's on his way to *Rome*, and purposes  
To enter with all glorie. The flattering Senate  
Decrees him diuine Honours, and to crosse it  
Were death with studied torments; for my part  
I will obey the time, it is in vaine  
To strue against the torrent

*Rust.* Lets to the Curia

And



204 TRAGEDIE. PART

And though vnwillingly grieue our suffrages  
Before we are compeld.

*Lam.* And since we cannot  
With safetie vse the active, lets make vse of  
The passive fortitude, with this assurance  
That the state sicke in him, the gods to friend,  
Though at the worst will now begin to mend. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS, I. SCENA, 2.

*Enter Domitia, and Parthenius.*

*Domit.* To me this reuerence,

*Parth.* I pay it Ladie

As a debt due to her thats *Casars* mistris.

For vnderstand with ioy he that commands

All that the Sunne giues warmth to, is your seruant;

Be not amaz'd, but sit you to your fortunes.

Thinke vpon state, and greatnesse, and the Honours

That waite vpon *Augusta*, for that name

Ere long comes to you: still you doubt your vassall,

But when you haue read this letter, writ, and sign'd

With his imperiall hand, you will be freed

From feare, and ielousie and I beseech you,

When all the beauties of the earth bow to you,

And Senators shall take it for an honour,

As I doe now to kisse these happie feete;

When euery smile you giue is a preferment,

And you dispose of Prouinces to your creatures,

Thinke on *Parthenius*.

*Domit.* Rise. I am transported,

And hardly dare belecue what is assur'd here.

The meanes, my good *Parthenius*, that wrought *Cesar*

( Our God on earth ) to cast an eye of fauour

Vpon his humble handmaide.

*Parth.* What but your beautie?

When nature fram'd you for her master peece,

As the pure abstract of all rate in woman,

# THE ROMAN MOTOR.

She had no other ends but to designe you  
To the most eminent place. I will not say  
( For it would smell of arrogance to insinuate  
The seruice I haue done you ) with what zeale  
I oft haue made relation of your Vertues,  
Or how I haue sung your goodnesse or how *Cesar*  
Was fir'd with the relation of your storie  
I am rewarded in the acte, and happie  
In that my proiect prosper'd.

*Domit.* You are modest,

And were it in my power I would to be thankfull.  
If that when I was mistress of my selfe,

And in my way of youth, pure, and vntainted,

The Emperour had vouchsaf'd to seeke my fauours,

I had with ioy giuen vp my virgin fort

At the first summons to his soft embraces :

But I am now anothers, not mine owne

You know I haue a husband, for my honour

I would not be his strumpet; and how lawe

Can bee dispens'd with to become his wife,

To mee's a riddle.

*Parth.* I can soone resolve it.

When power puts in his Plea the lawes are silenc'd,

The world confesses one *Rome*, and one *Cesar*,

And as his rules is infinite, his pleasures

Are vnconfind ; this fillable his will

Stands for a thousand reasons,

*Domit.* But with safetie,

Suppose I should consent, how can I doe it,

My husband is a Senator of a temper,

Not to beiested with.

*Enter Lavinia.*

*Parth.* As if hee durst

Be *Cesars* riual. Heere he comes, with ease

I will remoue this scruple.

*Lam.* How ! so priuate?

Mine owne house made a brothell ! Sir how durst you,

Though gaurded with your power in Court, and greatnesse,

Hould conference with my wife ? as for your Minion

A TRAGEDIE.

I shall hereafter treat.

*Parib.* You are rude, and savage,  
Nor know to whom you speake.

*Lam.* This is fine ifaith!

*Parib.* Your wife? but touch her, that respect forgotten  
That's due to her, whom mightiest *Cesar* favours  
And thinke what 'tis to die. Not to loose time.

She's *Cesar's* choice. It is sufficient honor  
You were his taster in this heavenly nectar,  
But now must quit the office.

*Lam.* This is rare.

Cannot a man be master of his wife  
Because she's young, and faire, without a patent.

I in mine owne house am an Emperour,  
And will defend whats mine, where are my knives?  
If such an insolence escape unpunish'd.

*Parib.* In your selfe *Lamia*, *Cesar* hath forgot  
To vse his power, and I his instrument,  
In whom though absent, his authoritie speaks,  
Haue lost my faculties. *Stamps.*

*Lam.* The Guard! why am I *Enter a Centurion*  
Design'd for death? *With Souldiers.*

*Demis.* As you desire my fauour  
Take not so rough a course.

*Parib.* All your desires  
Are absolute commands. Yet giue me leave  
To put the will of *Cesar* into acte.

Heer's a bill of Divorce betweene your Lordship,  
And this great Lady. If you refuse to signe it,

And so as if you did it vncompell'd,  
Wonne to it by reasons that concerne your selfe,

Her honour to vntainted. Here are Clarkees.  
Shall in your best bloud write it newe, till torture

Compell you to performe it.

*Lam.* Is this legall?

*Par.* Monarchs that dare not doe vnlawfull things,  
Yet bare them out are Constables, not Kings

*Parib.* Will you dispute?

*Lam.*

# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

*Lam.* I know not what to vrg  
Against my selfe, but too much dotage on her  
Loue and obseruance.

*Parth.* Set it vnder your hand  
That you are impotent, and cannot pay  
The duties of a husband, or that you are mad  
(Rather then want iust cause wee'l make you so)  
Dispatch, you know the danger els; deliver it  
Nay on your knee. Madam you now are free  
And Mistris of your selfe.

*Lam.* Can you *Domitia*  
Consent to this?

*Domis.* I would argue a base minde  
To liue a seruant, when I may command.  
I now am *Cesars*, and yet in respect  
I once was yours, when you come to the Pallace,  
(Prouided you deserue it in your seruice)  
You shall find me your good Mistris, waite me *Parthianus*  
And now farewell poore *Lamia*. *Exeunt omnes praeter*

*Lam.* To the Gods  
I bend my knees; (for tyrannic hath banish'd  
Iustice from men) and as they would deserue  
Their Altars, and our vowes, humbly inuoke 'em  
That this my rauish'd wife may proue as fatall  
To proud *Domitian*, and her embraces  
Affoord him in the end as little ioy,  
As wanton *Helen* brought to him of *Troy*. *Exit.*

## ACT V, I. SCENA, 3.

*Enter, Lictors, Aretinus, Fulcinus, Ruficus, Sargus, W  
Parth, Lucius, Aesopus.*

*Aret.* Fathers conscript may this our meeting be  
Happie to *Cesar* and the common wealth.

*Lic.* Silence.

*Aret.* The purpose of this frequent Senate  
Is first to giue thanks to the Gods of *Rome*,  
That for the propagation of the Empire,

Vouch-



THE TRAGEDIE.

Vouchsafe vs one to governe it like themselves:  
In height of courage, depth of vnderstanding,  
And all those vertues, and remarkable graces,  
Which make a Prince most eminent, our *Domitian*  
Transcend's the ancient Romans. I can neuer  
Bring his praise to a period. What good man  
That is a friend to truth, dares make it doubtfull,  
That he hath *Fabius* stay'dnesse, and the courage  
Of bould *Marcellus*, to whom *Hannibal* gaue  
The stile of Target, and the Sword of *Rome*.  
But he has more, and euery touch more Roman  
As *Pompey's* dignitie, *Augustus* state,  
*Antonies* bountie, and great *Iulius* fortune.  
With *Cato's* resolution. I am lost  
In th'Ocean of his vertues. In a word  
All excellencies of good men in him meer,  
But no part of their vices.

*Ruf.* This is no flatterie!

*Ser.* Take heed, you'l be obseru'd.

*Aret.* 'Tis then most fit

That we (as to the Father of our Countrie,  
Like thankfull sonnes, stand bound to pay true service  
For all those blessings that he shewes vpon vs)  
Should not conniue, and see his government,  
Deprau'd and scandaliz'd by meaner men  
That to his fauour, and indulgence owe  
Themselues and being.

*Par.* Now he points at vs.

*Aret.* Cite *Paris* the Tragedian.

*Par.* Here.

*Aret.* Stand forth.

In thee, as being the chiefs of thy profession,  
I doe accuse the qualitie of treason,  
As libellers against the state and *Cesar*.

*Par.* Meere accusations are not proofes my Lord.

In what are we delinquents?

*Aret.* You are they

That search into the secrets of the time,  
And vnder sain'd names on the Stage present

# THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Actions not to be toucht at; and traduce  
Persons of rancke; and qualitie of both Sexes,  
And with Satiricall, and bitter iests  
Make euen the Senators ridiculous  
To the Plebeians.

*Par.* If I free not my selfe,  
( And in my selfe the rest of my profession  
From these false imputations, and probe  
That they make that a libell which the Poet  
Writ for a Comedie, so acted too,  
It is but Iustice that we vndergoe  
The heauiest censure.

*Arct.* Are you on the Stage  
You talke so boldly ?

*Par.* The whole word being one  
This place is not exempted, and I am  
So confident in the iustice of our cause,  
That I could wish *Caesar*, in whose great name  
All Kings are comprehended (as our iudge,  
To heare our Plea, and then determine of vs.  
If to expresse a man sold to his lusts,  
Wasting the treasure of his time and Fortunes,  
In wanton dalliance; and to what sad end  
A wretch thats so giuen ouer does arrive at,  
Deterring carelesse youth, by his example,  
From such licentious courses; laying open  
The snares of baudes, and the consuming art  
Of prodigall strumpets, can deserue reproofe,  
Why are not all your golden principles  
Writ downe by graue Philosophers to instruct vs.  
To chuse faire Vertue for our guide; not pleasure,  
Condemne vnto the fire

*Sura.* There's spirit in this;

*Par.* Or if desire of honour was the base  
On which the building of the Roman Empire  
Was rais'd vp to this height; if to inflame  
The noble youth with an ambitious heare  
T'indure the frosts of danger, nay of Death

ROMAN TRAGEDIE, ACT

To be thought worthy the triumphall wreath  
By glorious vndertakings, may deserve  
Reward, or fauour, from the common wealth  
Actors may put in for as large a share  
As all the lectures of the Philosphers;  
They which could precepts (perhaps seldome reade)  
Deliver what an honourable thing  
The active vertue is: But does that fire  
The blond, or swell the veins with emulation  
To be both good, and great, equall to that  
Which is presented on our Theaters?  
Let a good Actor in a loftie Sceane  
Show great *Alcides*, honour'd in the sweate  
Of his twelue labours; or a bould *Cancellus*  
Forbidding *Rome* to be redcm'd with gold  
From the insulting *Gaul's*; or *Scipio*  
After his victories imposing Tribute  
On conquer'd *Carthage*. If done to the life,  
As if they saw their dangers, and their glories,  
And did partake with them in their rewardes,  
All that haue any sparke of *Roman* in them  
The slothfull artes layd by, contend to bee  
Like those they see presented.

*Ruf.* He ha's put  
The Consuls to their whisper,

*Par.* But 'tis vrg'd  
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiours;  
When doe we bring a vice vpon the Stage,  
That does goe off unpunish'd? doe we teach  
By the successe of wicked vndertakings,  
Others to tread, in their forbidden steps?  
We show no arts of *Lidian* Pandarisme,  
*Corinthian* poysons, *Persian* flatteries,  
But mulcted so in the conclusion that  
Even those spectators that were so inclin'd,  
Go home chang'd men. And for traducing such  
That are about vs, publishing to the world  
Their secret crimes we are as innocent

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

As such as are borne dumbe. When we present  
 An heyre, that does conspire against the life  
 Of his deare parent, numbring euery houre  
 He liues as tedious to him, if there be  
 Among the auditors one whose conscience tells him,  
 He is of the same mould we cannot helpe it,  
 Or bringing on the stage a loose aduresser,  
 That does maintaine the ryatous expence  
 Of him that feedes her greedie lust, yet suffers  
 The lawfull pledges of a former bed  
 To starue the while for hunger, if a Matron  
 Howeuer great in fortune, birth, or titles,  
 Guilty of such a foule vnnaturall sinne,  
 Crie out tis writ by me, we cannot helpe it:  
 Or when a couetous man's express'd, whose wealth  
 Arithmatique cannot number, and whose Lordships  
 A Falcon in one day cannot flie ouer.  
 Yet he so sordid in his mind, so griping  
 As not to afford himselfe the necessities  
 To maintaine life, if a Patrician,  
 (Though honour'd with a Consulship) finde himselfe  
 Touch'd to the quicke in this, we cannot helpe it.  
 Or when we show a Iudge that is corrupt,  
 And will giue vp his sentence as he fauours,  
 The person, not the cause, sauing the guiltie  
 If of his faction, and as oft condemning  
 The innocent out of particular spleene,  
 If any in this reuerend assemblie,  
 Nay e'ne your selfe my Lord, that are the image  
 Of absent *Caesar* feele something in your bosome  
 That puts you in remembrance of things past,  
 Or things intended tis not in vs to helpe it.  
 I haue said, my Lord, and now as you finde cause  
 Or censure vs, or free vs with applause.  
*Lat.* Well pleaded on my life I neuer saw him  
 Act an Orators part before.  
*Asop.* We might haue giuen  
 Ten double fees to *Regulus*, and yet



NOT A TRAGEDIE,

Our cause deliuered worse. *A sence within, enter*

*Arct.* What shoute is that? *Parthenius.*

*Parth.* Caesar our Lord married to conquest, is  
Returnd in triumph.

*Fulcin.* Lets all haile to mee to him.

*Arct.* Breake vp the Court, we will referue to him  
The Censure of this cause.

*All.* Long life to Caesar. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACTVS, I. SCENA, 4.

*Enter Julia, Canis, Domitilla, Domitia.*

*Can.* Stand backe the place is mine.

*Jul.* Your's I am I nor  
Great *Tius* daughter, and *Domitians* neece

Dares any claime precedence?

*Can.* I was more

The mistris of your father, and in his right

Claine due to you.

*Jul.* I confesse you were vsfull

To please his appetite.

*Domit.* To end the controuersie,

For Ile haue no contending, Ile be bold

To leade the way my selfe.

*Domitil.* You Minion!

*Domit.* Yes

And all ere long shall kneele to catch my fauours.

*Jul.* Whence springs this flood of greatnesse?

*Domit.* You shall know

To soone for your vexation, and perhaps

Repent too late, and pine with enuie when

You see whom *Caesar* fauours

*Jul.* Obserue the sequel.

# THE ROMAN VICTOR.

Enter at one doore Captaines With Laurels, Domitian, in his  
Triumphant Chariot, Parthenius, Paris, Latinus, &c.  
sopas met by Aretinus, Sura, Lamiu, Rusticus, Phil-  
cinus, and prisoners led by him.

*Ces.* As we now touch the height of humane glorie,  
Riding in triumph to the Capitoll,  
Let these whom this victorious arme hath made  
The scorne of Fortune, and the slaves of Rome,  
Tast the extreames of milerie. Beare them off  
To the common prisons, and there let them proue  
How sharpe our axes are.

*Rus.* A bloudie entrance!

*Ces.* To tell you, you are happier in your Prince  
Were to distrust your loue, or my desert  
And either were distastefull. Or to boast  
How much, not by my Deputies, but my selfe,  
I haue enlarged the Empire, or what horrors  
The Souldier in our conduct hath broke through,  
Would better suite the mouth of *Plamius* bragart,  
Then the adored Monarch of the world.

*Sura.* This is no boast.

*Ces.* When I but name the *Daci*,  
And gray ey'd  *Germans* whom I haue subdu'd,  
The Ghost of *Iulius* will looke pale with envie,  
And great *Vespasians*, and *Titus* triumph,  
(Truth must take place of Father and of Brother)  
Will be no more remembred. I am about  
All honours you can giue me. And the stile  
Of Lord, and God, which thankfull subjects giue me  
(Not my ambition) is deseru'd.

*Aret.* At all parts  
Celestiall Sacrifice is fit for *Cesars*  
In our acknowledgement.

*Ces.* Thanks *Aretinus*  
Still hold our fauour. Now; the God of warre,  
And famine, bloud, and death,  *Bellonas* Pages

Banish'd

# ACT TRAGEDIE.

Banish'd from *Rome* to *Thrace* in our good fortune.  
 With iustice he may taste the fruits of peace,  
 Whose sword hath plowd the ground, and reap'd the harvest  
 Of your prosperitie. Nor can I thinke  
 That there is one among you so vngratefull,  
 Or such an enemy, to thriuing vertue,  
 That can esteeme the iewel he holds deere  
 Too good for *Casars* vse

*Sur.* All we possesse,

*Lam.* Our liberties,

*Fulcin.* Our children,

*Parth.* Wealth,

*Aret.* And throates  
 Fall willingly beneath his feete.

*Ruf.* Base flattery.

What Roman could indure this?

*Cas.* This calls on

My loue to all, which sprads it selfe among you.

The beauties of the time I receiue the honour

To kisse the hand, which rear'd vp thus; holds thunder

To you 'tis an assurance of a calme.

*Julia* my neece and *Cesar* the delight

Of old *Vespasian*, *Domitilla* to

A princeesse of our blood.

*Ruf.* 'Tis strange his pride  
 Affords no greater courtesie to Ladies

Of such high birth and rancke.

*Sur.* Your wifes forgotten.

*Lam.* No shee will bee remembered feare it not  
 She will bee grac'd and great'd.

*Cas.* But when I looke on  
 Diuine *Domitilla*, mee thinks we should meete  
 (The lesser gods applauding the encounter)

As *Jupiter* the Giants lying dead

On the *Pblegrean* plaine embrac'd this *Iuno*

*Lamia* 'tis your honour that she's mine.

*Lam.* You are too great to be gaine'd.

*Cas.* Let all

That

## THE ROMAN LACTOR.

That feare our frowne, or doe affect our fauour,  
Without examining the reason why,  
Salute her (by this kiffe I make it good)  
With the title of *Augusta*.

*Domit.* Still your ſervant,  
*All.* Long live *Augusta* great *Domitian* Emperre.

*Caf.* *Paris* thy hand.

*Par.* The Gods ſtill honour *Caeſar*.

*Caf.* The wars are ended, and our armes layd by  
We are for ſoft delights. Command the Poets  
To uſe their choiſeſt, and moſt rare inuention  
To entertaine the time, and be you carefull  
To giue it action, Wee'l provide the people  
Pleaſures of all kindes. My *Domitia* thinke not  
I flatter, though thus ſond, On to the Capitoll  
Tis death to him that weares a ſullen browe:  
This tis to be a Monarch when alone  
He can command all, but is aw'd by none

*Exeunt.*

*The end of the firſt Act.*

## ACTVS, II. SCÆNA, I.

*Enter Philargus, Paſſhenius.*

*Philarg.* My ſonne to tutor me. Know your obedience  
And queſtion not my will.

*Parth.* Sir were I one  
Whom want compeld to wiſh a full poſſeſſion  
Of what is yours. Or had I euer numbred  
Your yeeres, or thought you liu'd to long, with reaſon  
You then might nourish all opinions of me.  
Or did the ſake that I prefer to you  
Concerne my ſelfe, and aim'd not at your good  
You might denie, and I ſit downe with patience,  
And after neuer preſſe you.

*Philarg.* I the name of *Plautus*  
What wouldſt thou haue me doe?

*Parth.*



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*Parth.* Right to your selfe,  
Or suffer me to doe it. Can you imagine  
This naked hat, this tattered cloke, rent shooe,  
This sordid linnen can become the master  
Of your faire fortunes? whose superfluous meenes  
(Though I were burthen some) could cloth you in  
The costliest Persian silkes, fludded with icwels  
The spoyles of Provinces, and euery day  
Fresh change of Tirian purple.

*Philarg.* Out vpon thee,  
My monyes in my coffers melt to heare thee.  
Purple, hence Prodigall. Shall I make my Mercer  
Or Taylor my heyre, or see my Jeweller purchase?  
No, I hate pride.

*Parth.* Yet deencie would doe well.  
Though for your outside you will not be altered,  
Let me preuaile so farre yet, as to winne you  
Nor to denie your bellie nourishment,  
Neither to thinke you haue feasted when 'tis cramm'd  
With mouldie barley bread, onions, and leekes,  
And the drinke of bondmen water.

*Philarg.* Wouldst thou haue me  
Bee an *Apicius*, or a *Licullus*,  
And ryot out my state in curious sawces?  
Wise nature with a little is contented,  
And following her, my guide, I cannot erre.

*Parth.* But you destroy her in your want of care  
(I blush to see, and speake it) to maintaine her  
In perfect health and vigor, when you suffer  
(Frighted with the charge of Phisicke) Rheumes, Catars,  
The Scurfe, Ach in your bones to grow vpon you,  
And hasten on your fate with too much sparing.  
When a cheape Purge, a Vomit and good dyet  
May lengthen it, giue me but leaue to send  
The Emperors Doctor to you.

*Philarg.* Ile be borne first  
Halfe rotten to the fire, that must consume me,  
His Pills, his Cordials, his Electuaries,

# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

His Sistrups Iulips, Bezerstone nor his  
 Imagin'd Vnicornes horne comes in my bellie,  
 My mouth shall be a draught first, 'Tis resolu'd.  
 No; I'll not lessen my deare golden heape.  
 Which euerie houre increasing does renew.  
 My youth, and vigor, but if lessen'd, then,  
 Then my poore hartstrings cracke. Let me enioy it,  
 And brood ore 'c while I liue, it being my life,  
 My soule, my all. But when I turne to dust,  
 And part from what is more esteem'd by me  
 Then all the Gods, *Romes* thousand Altars smoke to,  
 Inherit thou my adoration of it,  
 And like me serue my Idoll.

*Exit Philargus.*

*Parth.* What a strange torture  
 Is Auarice to it selfe! what man that lookes on  
 Such a penurions spectacle but must  
 Know what the fable meant of *Tantalus*,  
 Or the Ass whose backe is crack'd with curious viands  
 Yet feedes on thistles. Some course I must take,  
 To make my Father know what crueltie  
 He vses on himselfe.

*Enter Paris.*

*Par.* Sir with your pardon,  
 I make bould to enquire the Emperours pleasure,  
 For, being by him commanded to attend  
 Your fauour may instruct vs what's his will  
 Shall be this night presented?

*Parth.* My lou'd *Paris*,  
 Without my intercession you well know  
 You may make your owne approaches, since his eare  
 To you is ever open.

*Par.* I acknowledge  
 His clemencie to my weaknesse, and if euer  
 I doe abuse it, lightning strike me dead,  
 The grace he pleases to conferre vpon me  
 (Without boast I may say so much) was neuer  
 Impoly'd to wrong the innocent, or to incense  
 His furie.

*Parth.* 'Tis confel'd many men owe you

For

OF TRAGEDIE.

For Provinces they here hop'd for; and their lives  
Forfeited to his anger, you being absent.  
I could say more.

*Par.* You still are my good Patron.  
And lay it in my fortune to deserve it,  
You should perceiue the poorest of your clients  
To his best abilities thankfull.

*Paris.* I belieue so.  
Mery you my Father?

*Par.* Yes Sir, with much griefe.  
To see him as he is, Can nothing worke him  
To be himselfe?

*Parth.* O *Paris* 'tis a waight  
Sits heauie here, and could this right hands losse  
Remoue it, it should off but he is deafe  
To all perswasion.

*Par.* Sir with your pardon,  
I'll offer my aduice: I once obseru'd  
In a Tragedie of ours, in which a murder  
Was acted to the life, a guiltie hearer  
Forc'd by the terror of a wounded conscience,  
To make discouerie of that, which torture  
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appeare  
Like an impossibilitie, but that  
Your Father looking on a conetous man  
Presented on the Stage as in a mirror  
May see his owne deformity, and loath it.  
Now could you but perswade the Emperour  
To see a Comedie we haue that's stilde  
*The Cure of Avarice*, and to command  
Your Father to be a spectator of it.  
He shall be so Anotamiz'd in the Scene,  
And see himselfe so personated; the basenes  
Of a selfe torturing miserable wretch  
Truely describ'd that I much hope the obiect  
Will worke compunction in him.

*Parth.* There's your fee  
I ne're bought better counsaile. Be you in readines

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His Sirrups Tulips, Bezerstone nor his  
 Imagin'd Vnicornes horne comes in my bellie.  
 My mouth shall be a draught first, 'Tis resolu'd.  
 No; I'll not lessen my deare golden heape.  
 Which eueriehoure increasing does renew.  
 My youth, and vigor; but if lessen'd, then,  
 Then my poore hartstrings cracke. Let me enioy it,  
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 To you is eu' open.

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 I doe abuse it, lightning strike me dead,  
 The grace he pleases to conferre vpon me  
 (Without boast I may say so much) was neuer  
 Impoly'd to wrong the innocent, or to incense  
 His furie.

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OF TRAGEDIE.

For Prouinces they nere hop'd for; and their liues  
Forfeited to his anger, you being absent,  
I could say more.

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And lay it in my fortune to deserue it,  
You should perceiue the poorest of your clients  
To his best abilities thankfull.

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To see him as he is, Can nothing worke him  
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Forc'd by the terror of a wounded conscience,  
To make discouerie of thar, which torture  
Could not wring from him. Nor can it appeare  
Like an impossibilitie, but that  
Your Father looking on a conetous man  
Presented on the Stage as in a mirror  
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And see himselfe so perionated; the basenes  
Of a selfe torturing miserable wretch  
Truely describ'd that I much hope the obiect  
Will worke compunction in him.

*Parib.* There's your see  
I ne're bought better counsaile. Be you in readines

# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

I will effect the rest.

*Par.* Sir when you please  
Wee'l be prepar'd to enter. Sir the Emperour. *Exit Par.*

*Enter Caesar, Aretinus, Guard.*

*Ces.* Repine at vs?

*Aret.* Tis, more, or my informers  
That keepe strict watch vpon him are deceiu'd  
In their intelligence there is a list  
Of malecontents, as *Iunius Rusticus*,  
*Palphurius, Sura*, and this *Elins, Lamin*,  
That murmur at your triumphs as mere Pageants;  
And at their midnight meetings tax your iustice  
(For so I stile what they call tyrannie)  
For *Patus Thrasea's* death, as if in him,  
Vertue her selfe were murder'd; nor forget they  
*Agricola* (who for his seruice done  
In the reducing *Britanie* to obedience)  
They dare affirme to be remou'd with poyson,  
And he compeld to write you a cohayre  
With his daughter, that his testament might stand,  
Which else you had made void. Then your much loue  
To *Julia* your neece, censur'd as incest;  
And done in scorne of *Titus* your dead brother;  
But the divorce *Lamia* was forc'd to signe  
To her, you honour with *Augusta's* title,  
Being onely nam'd, they doe conclude there was  
A *Lucrece* once, a *Coharine*, and a *Brutus*,  
But nothing Roman left now, but in you  
The lust of *Tarquin*.

*Ces.* Yes. His fire, and scorne  
Of such as thinke that our valimited power  
Can be confin'd, dares *Lamia* pretend  
An interest to that which I call mine?  
Or but remember, she was euer his  
That's now in our possession? fetch him hither. *The Gard*  
I'll giue him cause to wish he rather had  
got of.

Forgot

# TRAGEDIE.

Forgot his owne name then e're mention'd hers.  
 Shall we be circumscrib'd? let such as cannot  
 By force make good their actions, though wicked  
 Conceale, excuse or qualifie their crimes:  
 What our desires grant leaue, and priuiledge to  
 Though contradicting all diuine decrees,  
 Or lawes confirm'd by *Romulus*, and *Numa*,  
 Shall be held sacred.

*Arct.* You should else take from  
 The dignitie of *Cesar*.

*Ces.* Am I maker  
 Of two and thirtie Legions, that awe  
 All Nations, of the triumphed world,  
 Yet tremble at our frowne, yeeld an accompt  
 Of whats our pleasure to a priuate man?  
*Rome* perish first, and *Atlas* shoulders shrinke,  
 Heav'ns fabrique fall; the Sunne, the Moone, the Stars  
 Loosing their light, and comforttable heate,  
 Ere I confesse, that any fault of mine  
 May be disputed.

*Arct.* So you preferue your power  
 As you should equall, and omnipotent heere,  
 With *Jupiters* above.

*Ces.* Thy suite is granted *Parthenius kneeling whispers*  
 What ere it be *Parthenius* for thy seruice  
 Done to *Augusta*. Onely so? a trifle.  
 Command him hither. If the Comedie faile  
 To cure him, I will minister something to him  
 That shall instruct him to forget his gold,  
 And thinke vpon himselfe.

*Parth.* May it succeed well.  
 Since my intents are pious.

*Ces.* We are resolu'd *Exit Parthenius;*  
 What course to take, and therefore *Arctinus*  
 Inquire no farther. Goe you to my Empreffe,  
 And say I doe entreate (for she rules him  
 Whom all men else obey) she would vouchsafe  
 The musicke of her voice, at yonder window,

# THE ROMAN ACTOR,

When I aduance my hand thus. I will blend *Exit Arden*  
My crueltie with some scorne, or else tis lost, *simus.*  
Reuenge, when it is vnexpected falling,  
With greater violence, and hate clothed in smiles,  
Strikes, and with horror dead the wretch that comes not  
Prepar'd to meete it. Our good *Lamia* welcome. *Enter Lamia*  
So much we owe you for a benefit *Lamia with the Guard.*  
With willingnes on your part conferd vpon vs;  
That 'tis our studie we that would not live  
Ingag'd to any for a courtesie,  
How to returne it.

*Lam.* 'Tis beneath your fare  
To be oblig'd that in your owne hand graspe  
The meanes to be magnificent.

*Cas.* Well put off  
But yet it must not doe, the Empire, *Lamia,*  
Diuided equally can hold no waight,  
If ballanc'd with your guift in faire *Demetria.*  
You that could part with all delights at once,  
The magazine of rich pleasures being contain'd  
In her perfections, vncompell'd deliuer'd.  
As a Present fit for *Caesar.* In your eyes  
With teares of ioy, not sorrow, 'tis confirm'd  
You glory in your act.

*Lam.* Derided too!  
Sir this is more.

*Cas.* More then I can requite  
It is acknowledg'd *Lamia.* There's no drop  
Of melting nectar I tast from her lippe,  
But yeeldes a touch of immortalitie  
To the blest receiuer; euery grace and feature,  
Priz'd to the worth, bought at an easie rate;  
If purchas'd for a Consulship. Her discourse  
So ravishing, and her action so attractive,  
That I would part with all my other senses  
Provided I might euer see, and heare her.  
The pleasures of her bed I dare not trust  
The windes or ayre with, for that would draw downe



A TRAGEDIE.

In enuie of my happinesse, a warre  
From all the Gods vpon mee.

*Lam.* Your compassion  
To me in your forbearing to insult  
On my calamitie which you make your sport,  
Would more appease those Gods you haue prouok'd  
Then all the blasphemous comparisons,  
You sing vnto her praise.

*Cas.* I sing her praise?

'Tis farre from my ambition to hope it. *Musicke above  
and a song.*  
It being a debt she onely can lay downe,  
And no tongue else discharge. Harke, I thinke prompted  
With my consent that you once more should heare her,  
She does begin. An vniuersall silence  
Dwell on this place. 'Tis death with lingring torments  
To all that dare disturbe her. Who can heare this *The song*  
And falls not downe and worships? in my fancie, *ended*  
*Apollo* being iudge on *Latinos* hill, *Cesar* goes on.  
Faire hayr'd *Calliope* on her iuorie Lute  
(But something short of this) sung *Ceres* prayes  
And grieu'd *Pluto's* rape on *Proserpine*.  
The motion of the Spheares are out of time  
Her muscall notes but heard. Say *Lamia*, say,  
Is not her voice Angelicall?

*Lam.* To your eare.

But I alas am silent.

*Cas.* Bee so euer,

That without admiration canst heare her.  
Malice to my felicitie strikes thee dumbe,  
And in thy hope, or wish to repollesse  
What I loue more then Empire, I pronounce thee  
Guiltie of tresaon. Off with his head. Doe you stare?  
By her, that is my Patronesse, *Minerva*,  
(Whose Statue I adore of all the Gods).  
If he but liue to make reply thy life *The Guard lead off La-*  
Shal answer it. My feares of him are freed now *mia stopping*  
And he that liu'd to vpbraide me with my wrong *his mouth*.  
For an offence he neuer could imagine

In

# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

In wantonnes remou'd. Defeend my dearest.  
 Plurality of husbands shall no more  
 Breede doubts or iealousies in you. 'Tis dispatch'd  
 And with as little trouble heere, as if  
 I had kild a flye. Now you appeare and in *Enter Domitia,*  
 That glorie you deserue, and these that stoope *offer'd in by*  
 To doe you seruice in the aete much honourd. *Arcina,*  
*Julia* forget that *Titus* was thy Father, *her craine with all*  
*Canis* and *Domitilla* ne're remeaber *state borne up by Ju-*  
*Sabinus*, or *Vespasian*. To be slaues *lia, Canis, and Do-*  
 To her, is more true liberty then to liue *mitilla.*  
*Parthian* or *Asian* Queenes. As lesser stars  
 That waite on *Phoebe* in her full of brightnes,  
 Compar'd to her you are (thus I feate you)  
 By *Cesars* side. Commanding these that once  
 Were the adored glories of the time  
 To witnes to the world they are your vassals  
 At your feete to attend you.

*Domit.* Tis your pleasure  
 And not my pride. And yet when I consider  
 That I am yours, all duties they can pay  
 I doe receiue as circumstances due  
 To her you please to honour.

*Enter Parthenius With Philargus.*

*Parth.* *Cesars* will  
 Commaunds you hither, nor must you gaine-say it.

*Phil.* Loose time to see an Enterlude? must I pay to  
 For my vexation?

*Parth.* Not in the Court,  
 It is the Emperours charge.

*Phil.* I shall endure  
 My torment then the better.

*Ces.* Can it bee  
 This fordid thing *Parthenius* is thy Father?  
 No actor can expresse him. I had held  
 The fiction for impossible in the Scene,

TO BE PERFORMED IN THE

Had I not seen the substance, Sirke firrilly,  
And give attention, if you but read  
You sleep for sure. Let them spare the Prologue,  
And all the Ceremonies preper to our selfe  
And come to the last act, there where the cure  
By the Doctor is made perfect. The swift minutes  
Seeme yeeres to me. Dismale that dinorce thee  
From my embraces. My desires encreasing  
As they are satisfied all pleasures else.  
Are tedious as dull sorrows. Kisse me, againe,  
If I now wanted heare of youth, these fire  
In Priams veines would thaw his frozen blood,  
Enabling him to get a second Troy,  
For the defence of Troy.  
Dennis. You are wanton.  
Pray you forbear. Let me see the Play.  
Ces. Begin there.

Enter Paris like a Doctor of Physicke, *Aspyr* brings  
brought forth a sleepe in a chape, a key in his hand.

*Aspy.* O master Doctor he is past recovery.  
A lethargie hath ouer'd him. And howeuer  
His sleepe resemble death his watchful care  
To guard that treasure he dares make no vie of,  
Workes strongly in his soule.

*Par.* What's that he holdes  
So fast betweene his teeth?

*Aspy.* The key that opens  
His iron chests cramm'd with accursed gold,  
Ruffie with long imprisonment. There's no dute  
In me his sonne, nor confidence in friends,  
That can perswade him to deliuer  
Thar to the trust of any.

*Philarg.* He is the wiser  
We were fashion'd in one mould.

*Aspy.* He caters with it,  
And when deuotion calles him to the Temple

# THE ROMAN VICTOR.

Of *Mammon*, whom of all the Gods he kneeles to  
That held thus still, his orisons are payde,  
Or will he though, the wealth of *Rome* were pawn'd  
For the restoring of it for one short houre  
Be wonne to part with it.

*Philarg.* Still, still my selfe.

And if like me he loue his gold, no pawne  
In good securitie.

*Par.* I'll trie if I can force it.  
It will not be. His auaritious mind  
(Like men in riuers drown'd) makes him gripe fast  
To his last gaspe what he in life held dearest.

And if that it were possible in nature  
Would carry it with him to the other world.

*Philarg.* As I would doe to hell rather then leaue it.

*Esop.* Is he not dead?

Long since to all good actions  
Or to himselfe, or others, for which wise men  
Desire to liue. You may with safetie pinch him,  
Or vnder his nayles sticke needle, & yet he shir not,  
Anxious feare to loose what his soule does on  
Renders his flesh insensible. We must vse  
Some meanes to rouse the sleeping faculties  
Of his mind, there lies the Lethargie. Take a Trumpet  
And blowe it into his eares, tis to no purpose  
The roaring noyse of thunder cannot wake him  
And yet despaire not I haue one tricke yet left.

*Esop.* What is it?

*Par.* I will cause a fearefull Dream  
To steale into his fancie, and disturbe it  
With the horror it brings with it, and so free  
His bodys Organs.

*Domit.* Tis a cunning fellow,  
If he were indeed a Doctor as the play sayes,  
He should be sworne my seruant, gouerne my slauers  
And minister to me waking.

*Par.* If this faile  
I'll giue him ore. So with all violence

End



TRAGEDIE

Reade open this iron chest. For here is life lyes  
Bound vp in fetters, and in the defence  
Of what he values higher, he will returne  
And fill each veine and arterie. Lower yet  
'Tis open, and already he begins  
To stirre, marke with what trouble.

*Philarg.* As you are *Cassius* now, so you have  
Defend this honest thriftoe man: they are theues,  
And come to rob him.

*Parth.* Peace the Emperour frownes.

*Par.* So now powre out the bags vpon the Table,  
Romoue his iewels, and his bonds, againe.  
Ring a second golden peale, his eyes are open,  
He stares as he had seene *Medeas* head,  
And were turn'd marble. Once more.

*Lat.* Murther, murther,  
They vs murther, murther. My sonne in the plot?  
Thou worst then paricide if it bee death  
To strike thy Fathers body, can all tortures,  
The furies in hell practise, be sufficient  
For thee that dost assassinate my soule?  
My gold, my bonds, my iewels, dost thou envie  
My glad possession of them for a day?  
Extinguishing the Taper of my life  
Consum'd vnto the snuffe?

*Par.* Seem not to mind him,  
*Lat.* Haue I to leave thee rich denied my selfe  
The ioyes of humane being? Scrap'd and horded  
A masse of treasure, which had *Selen* scene  
The *Lidian* *Cryssus* had appear'd to him  
Poore as the begger *Irus*. And yet I  
Sollicitous to increase it, when my Intrailes  
Were clem'd with keeping a perpetuall fast,  
Was deafe to their loud windie cries, as fearing  
Should I disburse one peny to their vs,  
My heyre might curse me. And to saue expence  
In outward ornaments, I did expose  
My naked body to the Winters cold,  
And summers scorching heate. Nay when diseases

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

Grew thicke vpon me, and a little cust  
Had purchas'd my recovery, I chose rather  
To haue my ashes clos'd vpon my vnt  
By halting on my fate, then to diminish  
The gold my prodigall sonne, while I am liuing,  
Carelessly scatters.

*Asp.* Would you would dispatch and die once,  
Your Ghost should feele in hell, that is my flane  
Which was your master.

*Philarg.* Out vpon thee varlet.

*Par.* And what then followes at your earke, and caring,  
And selfe affliction when your shroud & trunkie is  
Turn'd to forgotten dust? This hopefull youth  
Vrines vpon your monument. Ne're remembering  
How much for him you suffer'd. And then tells  
To the companions of his lusts, and ryots,  
The hell you did indure on earth to leaue him  
Large meanes to be an Epicure, and to sea for  
His senses all at once, a happiness  
You neuer granted to your selfe. Your gold then  
(Got with vexation, and prefer'd with trouble)  
Maintaines the publicke stewes, panders, and ruffians  
That quasse damnations to yont memorie,  
For liuing so long here.

*Lat.* I will be so, I see it.  
O that I could redeeme the time that's past  
I would liue, and die like my selfe; and make true vse  
Of what my industrie purchas'd.

*Par.* Couetous men  
Hauing one foote in the graue lament so euer,  
But grant that I by Art could yet recover  
Your desperate sicknes, lengthen out your life  
A dozen of yeeres, and I restore your body  
To perfect health, will you with care endeavour  
To rectifie your mind

*Lat.* I should so liue then  
As neither my heyre should haue iust cause to thinke  
I liu'd too long for being close handed to him,

# A TRAGEDIE.

Or cruell to my selfe.

*Phil.* Have your desires

*Phobus* assisting, mee I will repayre

The ruin'd building of your health, and thinke not

You have a sonne that hates you; the truth is

This meanes with his consent I practise on you,

To this good end, it being a device

In you to shew the *Cure of Avarice.*

*Exeunt Philo, La.*

*Phil.* An old foole to be gild thus I had he died

As I resolute doe, not to be alter'd,

It had gone off twanging.

*Cas.* How approues you sweetest,

Of the matter, and the Actors?

*Domit.* For the subject

I like it not, it was filch'd out of *Horace,*

Nay I haue read the Poets but the fellow

Thar play'd the Doctor did it well by *Venus;*

He had a tunable tongue and neate delivery,

And yet in my opinion he would performe

A lovers part much better. Prethes *Casus*

For I grow wearie let vs see to morrow

*Plus* and *Anaxerete.*

*Cas.* Any thing

For thy delight *Domitia.* To your rest

Till I come to disquiet you. Wayte vpon her.

There is a busines that I must dispatch

And I will straight be with you.

*Exeunt Arctimus, Do.*

*Parth.* Now my dread Sir

*Domitia, Iulia, Canis, Do.*

Endenour to preuayle.

*Domitia.*

*Cas.* One way or other.

Wee'l cure him neuer doubt it. Now *Philargus*

Thou wretched thing, hast thou seene thy fordid baseness?

And but obseru what a contemptible creature

A couetous miser is & dost thou in thy selfe

Feele true compunction i with a resolution

To be a new man?

*Philarg.* This craz'd bodies *Casus,*

But for my minde,

## THE ROMAN LECTOR.

*Cæs.* Trifle not with my anger.  
Canst thou make good vse of what was now presented?  
And imitate in thy Iuddaine change of life,  
The miserable rich man, that expres'd  
What thou art to the life.

*Philarg.* Pray you giue me leaue  
To dye as I haue lin'd. I must not part with  
My gold, it is my life. I am past cure.

*Cæs.* No; by *Minerva* thou shalt neuer more  
Feele the least touch of auarice. Take him hence  
And hang him instantly. If there be gold in hell  
Inioy it, thine here and thy life together  
Is forfeited.

*Philarg.* Was I sent for to this purpose?

*Parth.* Mercie for all my seruice, *Cæsar* mercie

*Cæs.* Should loue pleade for him. 'Tis resolu'd he dyes,  
And he that speakes one syllable to dissuade me,  
And therefore tempt me not. It is but iustice.  
Since such as wilfully, will haurely dye,  
Must tax themselves, and not my crueltie. *Exeunt omnes.*

*The end of the second Act.*

## ACTVS, III. SCÆNA, I.

*Enter Iulia, Domitilla, Stephano.*

*Iul.* No *Domitilla*, if you but compare  
What I haue suffer'd with your injuries,  
(Though great ones I confesse) they will appeare  
Like molehills to *Olimpus*.

*Domitil.* You are tender  
Of your owne wounds, which makes you loose the feeling  
And sense of mine. The incest he committed  
With you, and publickly profes'd, in scorn  
Of what the world durst censure may admit  
Some weake defence, as being borne headlong to it,  
But in a manly way to enioy your beauties.

*Besides*



**TOTUM TRAGEDIAE**  
Besides wonne by his perjuries that he would  
Salute you with the title of *Augusta*,  
Your faint deniall shew'd a full consent  
And grant to his temptations: But poore I  
That would not yeeld, but was with violence forc'd  
To serue his lusts, and in a kinde *Tiberus*  
At *Capre* neuer practis'd, haue not heere  
One conscious touch to rise vp my accuser  
I in my will being innocent.

*Steph.* Pardon mee

Great Princess, though I presume to tell you  
Wasting your time in childish lamentations  
You doe degenerate from the blood you spring from:  
For there is something more in *Rome* expected  
From *Titus* daughter, and his vncles heyre;  
Then womanish complaints after such wrongs  
Which mercie cannot pardon. But you'll say  
Your hands are weak, and should you but attempt  
A iust reuenge on this inhumaine monster,  
This prodegie of mankind bloudie *Damian*,  
Hath readie words at his command as well  
As Islands to confine you to remote,  
His doubts, and feares, did he but entertaine  
The least suspicion you contriu'd or plotted  
Against his person.

*Iul.* 'Tis true *Seaphorus*.

The legions that *swore* *Hierusalem*,  
Vnder my Father *Titus* are sworn his  
And I no more remembered.  
*Damir.* And to loose  
Our selues by building on impossible hopes,  
Were desperate madness.

*Steph.* You conclude too fast  
One single arme whole matter does condemne  
His owne life holds a full command ore his  
Spite of his guards. I was your bondman Ladie,  
And you my gracious patronesse; my wealth  
And libertie your gift, and though no souldier,

To

# THE ROMAN MOTOR.

To whom of custom, or example makes  
Grimme death appeare less terrible, I dare dye  
To doe you seruice in a faire exchange  
And it will better suite your birth and honour  
To fall at once, than to liue euer slave  
To his proud Empresse that insults vpon  
Your patient sufferings: Say but you goe on,  
And I will reech his heart, or perishe in  
The noble vndertaking.

*Domit.* Your free offer  
Confirme your thankfulness, which I acknowledge  
A satisfaction for a greater debt  
Then what you stand ingag'd for: but I must not  
Vpon vncertaine ground hazard so gratefully  
And good a seruant. The mortall powers  
Protect a Prince though should to impious ends  
And seeme to slumber till his roding crimes  
Awake their iustice: but then looking downe  
And with impartiall eyes, on his contempt  
Of all religion, and mortall goodnesse  
They in their secrets iudgements doe determine  
To leaue him to his wickednesse, which sinckes him  
When he is most secure.

*Jul.* His crueltie  
Increasing dayly of necessitie  
Must render him as odious to his souldiers,  
Familiar friends, and freemen, as it hath done  
Alreadie to the Senate; then forsaken  
Of his supporters, and growne terrible  
Euen to himselfe, and her, he now so dotes on,  
We may put into act, what now with safetie  
We cannot whisper.

*Strep.* I am still prepar'd  
To execute when you please to command mee  
Since I am confident he deserves much more  
That vindicates his countrie from a tyrannie,  
Then he that saues a citizen.

*Jul.* O heere's *Cicero*.

*Domit.*

10 IN TRAGEDIE. THE

*Domitil.* Whence come you?

*Can.* From the Empresse who seems mou'd  
In that you waite no better. Her pride growne  
To such a height that shee disdaines the service  
Of her owne women; and esteemes her selfe  
Neglected: when the Princesses of the blood  
On everie courtly employment, are not readie  
To stoop to her commands.

*Domitil.* Where is her greatnes?

*Can.* Where you would little thinke she could descend  
To grace the roomes of persons.

*Iul.* Speake; where is she?

*Can.* Among the Players, where all state layd by,  
She does enquire who acts this part, who that  
And in what habits? blames the tire women  
For want of curious dressings; and so taken  
She is with *Paris* the Tragedians spouse  
Thar is to act a Lover, I thought once  
She would have courted him.

*Domitil.* In the meane time  
How spends the Emperour his houres?

*Can.* As yet  
He hath done heretofore in being cruell  
To innocent men, whose vertues he calles crimes;  
And but this morning if it be possible  
He hath out-gone himselfe, having condemn'd  
At *Aretius* his infortunes suite,  
*Palphurius Sura*, and good *Iunius Rusticus*,  
Men of the best repute in Rome for their  
Integritie of life; no fault obiected  
But that they did lament his cruell sentence  
On *Paris* *Thrasus* the Philosopher  
Their Patron and instructor.

*Steph.* Can I see this  
And hold his thunder?

*Domitil.* Nere and Callidius  
Commanded onely mischiefs, but our *Casus*  
Delights to see 'em.

THE ROMAN VICTOR.

*Jul.* What we cannot helpe,  
We may deplore with silence.  
*Can.* We are all'd for  
By our proud mistresse.  
*Domit.* We a while must suffer.  
*Seeph.* It is true fortitude to stand firme against  
All shocks of fate, when cowards faint and dye  
In feare to suffer more calamitie.

ACT V, III. SCENA 2.

*Enter Caesar, Parthianus.*

*Caes.* They are then in fetters.  
*Parth.* Yes Sir, But  
*Caes.* But? What?  
I'll haue thy thoughts. Deliuier them,  
*Parth.* I shall Sir.  
But still submitting to your God-like pleasure,  
Which cannot be instructed  
*Caes.* To the point.  
*Parth.* Nor let your sacred Maiestie beliene  
Your vassall, that with drie eyes look'd vpon  
His Father drag'd to death by your command,  
Can pittie these, that durst presume to censure  
What you decreed.  
*Caes.* Well. Forward.  
*Parth.* 'Tis my woe  
Still to preserue your clemencie, and  
Temper'd with iustice, that emboldens me  
To offer my aduice. Alas I know Sir, how  
These Bookemen, Rustic and illiterate,  
Deserue all tortures. Yet in my opinion,  
They being popular Senators, and cried vpon  
With loud applauses of the multitude,  
For foolish honestie, and beggerly vertue,  
I would rellish more of policie to haue them  
Made away in priuato, with what exquisite torments

You



THE TRAGEDIE

You please it skills not, then to have them draw  
To the degrees in publike; for his death  
That the sad object may beget compassion  
In the giddie rout, and cause some iudaine vprors  
That may disturbe you.

*Ces.* Hence pale spirited coward  
Can we descend so farre beneath our selfe  
As, or to court, the peoples loue, or feare  
Their worst of hate? Can they that are as dust  
Before the whirlwinds of our will and powier  
Adde any moment to vs? Or thou thinke  
If there are Gods above, or Goddesses  
(But wise *Minerva* that's mine owne and iure)  
That they haue vacant houres to take into  
Their serious protection, or care.  
This many headed monster? mankin diues  
In few, as potent Monarchs, and their Remes  
And all those glorious constellations  
That doe adorne the firmament, appolated  
Like groomes with their bright influence to attend  
The actions of Kings, and Emperours  
They being the greater wheels that moue the lesse  
Bring forth those condemn'd wretches, let me see  
One man so lost, as but to pittie em  
And though there lay a million of soules  
Imprison'd in his flesh, my Hangmen honkes  
Should send it off and giue embertie  
*Cesar* hath said it.

*Enter Parthianus, and the Guard, Hanger  
men dragging in Iunius, Postumus, and Rals*

*Alex.* The great *Cesar*'s pleasure  
That with fix'd eyes you carefully obserue  
The peoples lookes. Charge vpon any man  
That with a sigh, or murmore does expresse  
A seeming sorrow for these traytors deaths.

# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

You know his will, performe it.

*Ces.* A good blond-bound,  
And fit for my employments.

*Sur.* Give vs leave  
To dye fell tyrant.

*Ruf.* For beyond our bodies  
Thou hast no power.

*Ces.* Yes I'll afflict your soules.

And force the in groaning to the *Strigian* lake  
Prepar'd for such to howle in, that blispheme  
The power of Princes, that are Gods on earth;  
Tremble to thinke how terrible the dreame is  
After this sleepe of death.

*Ruf.* To guiltie men

It may bring terror, not to vs, that know

What 'tis to dye, well taught by his example

For whom we suffer. In my thought I see

The substance of that pure vntainted soule,

Of *Thraseas* our master made a starre,

That with melodious harmonie invites vs

(Leauing this dunghill *Rome*, mid hell by thee,)

To trace his heavenly steps, and fill a sphere

Above yon Chrystal Canopie.

*Ces.* Doe inuoke him

With all the aydes his sanctitie of life

Haue wonne on the rewards of his vertue,

They shall not saue you. Dogs doe you grinne? torment em.

So take a lease of *Seneca* now and proue

If it can render you insensible

Of thye which but begins here. Now an oyle

Drawne from the Stoicks frozen principles

Predominant ouer fire were vntill for you

Again, againe. You trifle. Not a groane,

Is my rage lost? What cursed charmes descend em?

Search deeper villaines. Who lookes pale For thinks

That I am cruell?

*Arri.* Ouer mercifull:

'Tis all your weakenesse sir.

OF TRAGEDIE.

*Paris.* I dare not show  
A signe of sorrow, yet my synnewes shrinke  
The spectacle is so horrid.  
*Cass.* I was neuer  
O'recome till now. For my sake reere a little,  
And show you are corporall, and not turn'd  
Aeriall spirits. Will it not do. By *Pallas*  
It is vnkindly done to mocke his face  
Whom the world stiles omnipotent. I am tortur'd  
In their want of feeling torments. *Idem* Horie  
That does report him to haue fate vnrou'd  
When cunning Chirurgions rip'd his arteries,  
And veines, to cure his goone compar'd to this  
Deserues not to bee nam'd. Are they not dead?  
If so, wee walk an *Ethiops*.

*Ser.* No, wee liue.

*Rass.* Linc to deride thee, our calme patience treading  
Vpon the necke of tyrannis. That securely,  
(As if we were a gentle slumber,) we endure  
Thy hangmens studied tortures, is a debt  
Wee owe to graue Philosophie, that instructs vs  
The flesh is but the clothing of the soule  
Which growing out of fashion though it bee  
Cast of, or rem, or come, like ours, is then  
Being it selfe diuine, in her best luster,  
But vnto such as thou, that haue no hopes  
Beyond the present, euerie little fear,  
The want of rest; excels of heat or cold  
That does informe them, onely they are mortall,  
Pierce through, and through them.

*Cass.* We will beare no more.

*Rass.* This onely, and I shall be wanting offe.  
Though it is in thy will to grinde this earth,  
As small as *Atomes*, they throwne in the Sea to.  
They shall sceme recollected to thy sense,  
And when the sandie building of thy greates,  
Shall with its owne weight totter; looke to see me  
As I was yesterday, in my perfect shape,

# THE ROMAN VICTOR.

For I'll appeare in horror.

*Ces.* By my shaking  
I am the guiltie man, and not the Judge.  
Drag from my sight, these curst ominous wizards;  
That as they are now like to double fac'd *Janus*  
Which way so'e'r I looke, are suries to me.  
Away with 'em. First show them death, then leaue  
No memory of their ashes. I'll mocke fate.  
Shall words fright him, victorious armies circle?  
No, no, the fencer does begin to leaue me.

*Enter Domitia, Julia, Cais.*

Or were it deadly, from this liuing fountaine  
I could renue the vigor of my youth,  
And be a second *Verbius*. O my glory!  
My life I command I my all!

*Domis.* As you to me are.

I heard you were sad; I have prepar'd you sport  
Will banish melancholie. *Siccha, Ces.*  
(I hugge my selte for't) I have beene instructing  
The Players how to act, and to cut off  
All tedious impertinencie, haue contracted  
The Tragedie, into one continued Scene.  
I haue the art of't, and am taken more  
With my abilitie that way, then all knowledge  
I haue but of thy loue.

*Ces.* Thou art still thy selte

The sweetest, wittiest.

*Domis.* When wee are a bodie  
I'll thanke your good opinion. Thou shalt see  
Such an *Iphis* of thy *Paris*, and so humble  
The pride of *Domitilla* that neglects mee  
(Howe'er she is your cousin) I haue hired her  
To play the part of *Quarante*.  
You are not offend'd with it?

*Ces.* Any thing

That does content thee yields delight to mee,  
My faculties, and powers are thine.

*Domis.* I thank you



ROBERT TRAGEDIE

Prethee lets take our places. Bid 'em enter  
Without more circumstance, how doe you like  
That shape I me thinke it is most fable  
To the aspect of a despairing lover.  
The seeming late false, counterfeited teares  
That hang vpon his cheekes, was my deuise.

*Cas.* And all was excellent.

*Damis.* Now heere him speake.

*Par.* That she is faire (and that an Epithite  
To soule to expresse her for descended nobly,  
Or rich, or fortunate, and certaine truties  
In which poore *Iphis* glories. But that these  
Perfections, in no other Virgin found,  
Abus'd, should nourish crueltie, and pride,  
In the diuine *Anaxarete*,  
Is, to my loue, sicke languishing soule, a riddle,  
And with more difficultie to be dissol'd,  
Then that, the monster *Sphinx* from the steepie rocke  
Offer'd to *Oedipus*. Imperious loue,  
As at thy euer flaming Altar *Iphis*,  
Thy neuer tyred votarie hath presented  
With scalding teares whose Hecatombes of sighes,  
Preferring thy power, and thy *Paphian* mothers,  
Before the thunderers, *Naphtun*, or *Pluto*,  
(That after *Saturne* did diuide the world  
And had the sway of things) yet were compell'd  
By thy vniuersall shafts to yeeld  
And fight vnder thy ensignes, be suspicious  
To this last tryall of my sacrifice  
Of loue, and seruice.

*Damis.* Do's he not act it rarely?  
Obserue with what a feeling he deliuer  
His orisons to *Cupid*; I am rap'd with

*Par.* And from thy neuer emptied quiver take  
A golden arrow, to transfix her heart  
And force her loue like me, or cure my wound  
With a leaden one, that may beget in me  
Hate and forgetfulness, of what's now my Idoll.

But

# THE ROMAN LECTOR.

But I call backe my prayer, I haue blasphem'd  
In my rash wish. 'Tis I that am unworthy,  
But she all merit, and may in iustice challenge equall  
From the assurance of her excellencies  
Not lotie, but adoration. Yet beare witnesse  
All knowing powers, I being along with me  
As faithfull advocates to make intercession  
A loyall heart, with pure, and holy flames  
With the soule fires of lust neuer polluted  
And as I touch her threshold (which with teares  
My limbes benumb'd with cold, I oft haue wash'd)  
With my glad lips I kisse this earth growne proud  
With frequent fauours from her delicate scents

*Domit.* By *Casars* life he werpes. And I for beare  
Hardly to keepe him companie.

*Par.* Bless ground thy pardon  
If I prophane it with forbidden steps.  
I must presume to knocke, and yet attempt it  
With such a trembling reuerence as if  
My hands held vp, for expiation  
To the incens'd Gods to spare a kingdome.  
Within there, hoc? something diuine come forth  
To a distressed mortall.

*Enter Latinius as a Parier.*

*Lat.* Ha! Who knockes there?

*Domit.* What a churlish looke this knauche as

*Lat.* Is't you Sirrha?

Are you come to pule and whine? auaunt, and quickly.  
Dogwhips shall drine you hence elfe.

*Domit.* Churlish deuill?

But that I should disturbe the Sceane, as I line  
I would teare his eyes out.

*Cas.* 'Tis in iest *Domitia*,

*Domit.* I doe not like such iesting, if he were not  
A flintie hearted flane, he could not vse  
One of his forme so harshly. How the toade swells  
At the others sweete humilitie!

*Cas.* 'Tis his part  
Let 'em proceed.

*Domit.*

# TRAGEDIE.

*Demis.* A Rogues part, will ne're leane himi

*Par.* As you haue gentle Sir, the happineſſe  
(When you pleaſe) to behold the figure of  
The maſter peice of nature, limn'd to the life,  
In more then humane *Anaxerete*,  
Scorne not your ſervant, that with ſuppliant hands  
Takes hold vpon your knees, coniuuring you  
As you are a man, and did not ſuckle the milke  
Of Wolves, and Tigres, or a mother of  
A tougher temper, vſe ſome meanes theſe eyes  
Before they are wept out, may ſee your Ladie.  
Will you be gracious Sir?

*Lat.* Though I looſe my place for't  
I can hold out no longer.

*Demis.* Now hee melts  
There is ſome little hope hee may die honeſt

*Lat.* Madam. *Enter Demitilla for Anaxerete.*

*Demis.* Who calls? what object haue we heere?

*Demis.* Your couſin keepes her proud ſtate ſtill I thinke  
I haue fitted her for a part.

*Demis.* Did I not charge thee  
I ne're might ſee this thing more?

*Par.* I am indeed  
What thing you pleaſe, a Worme that you may tread on,  
Lower I cannot fall to ſhew my duty,  
Till your diſdaine hath dig'd a graue to coner:  
This bodie with forgotten duſt, and when  
I know your ſentence, cruelleſt of women,  
I'll by a willing death remoue the object  
That is an eyefore to you.

*Demis.* Wretch thou darſt not.  
That were the laſt, and greateſt ſervice to mee  
Thy doting loue could beaſt of: What dull foole  
But thou couldſt nourish any flattering hope  
One of my height, in youth, in birth and fortune  
Could e're defend to looke vpon thy lowneſſe  
Much leſſe conſent to make my Lord of one  
I would not accept, though offer'd for my flane,

# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

My thoughts sloop not so lowe.

*Domit.* There's her true nature  
No personated scorne.

*Domit.* I wrong my worth  
Or to exchange a syllable, or looke,  
With one so farre beneath me.

*Par.* Yet take heed,  
Take heed of pride, and curiouslie consider  
How brittle the foundation is, on which  
You labour to aduance it. *Niebo*

Proud of her numerous issue durst contemne  
*Latomas* double burthen but what follow'd?

She was left a childlesse mother, and mournd to marle.

The beautie you o're-prize so, time, or sicknes  
Can change to loth'd deformitie, Your wealth

The prey of theues; *Queens Hecuba Troy* fir'd

*Klisses* bond-woman. But the loue I bring you

Nor time, nor sicknesse, violent theues, nor fate

Can rauish from you.

*Domit.* Could the Oracle

Giue better counsaile,

*Par.* Say will you relent yet?

Reuoking your decree that I should dye?

Or shall I doe what you command? resolute

I am impatient of delay.

*Domit.* Dispatch then

I shall looke on your Tragedie w'mou'd,

Peraduenture laugh at it, for it will proue

A Comedie to me.

*Domit.* O diuell! diuell!

*Par.* Then thus I take my last leaue. All the cyrcles

Of flouers fall upon you; and hereafter

When any man like me contemn'd, shall studie

In the anguish of his soule to giue a name

To a scornfull cruell mistresse, let him onely

Say this most bloudie woman is to me.

As *Anaxerete* wast to wretched *Iphis*.

Now feast your tyrannous mind, and glorie in



A TRAGEDIE.

The ruines you haue made : for *Hymens* bands  
That should haue made vs one, this fatall halter  
For euer shall diuorce vs ; at your gate  
As a trophee of your pride, and my affliction,  
I'll presently hang my selfe.

*Domis.* Not for the world.  
Restraine him as you loue your liues.

*Ces.* Why are you  
Transported thus *Domis*? 'tis a play,  
Or grant it serious, it at no part merits.  
This passion in you.

*Par.* I nere purpos'd Madam  
To do the deed in earnest, though I bowe  
To your care, and tendernesse of me.

*Domis.* Let me Sir,  
Intreate your pardon, what I saw presented  
Carried me beyond my selfe.

*Ces.* To your place againe  
And see what followes.

*Domis.* No I am familiar  
With the conclusion, besides vpon the sudaine  
I feele my selfe much indispos'd.

*Ces.* To bed then  
I'll bethy Doctor.

*Arco.* There is something more  
In this then passion, which I must find out,  
Or my intelligence freezes.

*Domis.* Come to me *Paris*  
To morrow for your reward

*Steph.* Patronesse heare mee  
Will you not call for your share? sit downe with this,  
And the next action like a *Gadizane* strumpet  
I shall looke to see you tumble.

*Domis.* Prethee be patient.  
I that haue sufferd greater wrongs beare this  
And that till my reuenge my comfort is.

*Exeunt.*

The end of the third Act.

THE ROMAN ACTOR.

ACTVS, IIII. SCENA, I.

Enter *Parthenius, Iulia, Domitilla, Canis,*

*Parth.* Why 'tis impossible *Paris*?

*Iul.* You obseru'd not  
(As it appears) the violence of her passion,  
When personating *Iphis*, he pretended  
(For your contempt faire *Anaxerete*)  
To hang himselfe.

*Parth.* Yes, yes, I noted that;  
But neuer could imagine it could worke her  
To such a strange intemperance of affection,  
As to dote on him.

*Domis.* By my hopes I thinke not  
That she respects though all heere saw, and mark'd it  
Presuming she can mould the Emperours will  
Into what forme she likes, though we, and all  
Th'informers of the world conspir'd to crosse it.

*Can.* Then with what eagernesse this morning vrging  
The want of health, and rest, she did increase  
*Caesar* to leaue her.

*Domis.* Who no sooner absent  
But she calls *Dwarfe* (so in her scorne she styles me)  
Put on my pantofles, fetch pen, and paper  
I am to write, and with distracted lookes,  
In her smocke, impatient of so short delay  
As but to haue a mantle throwne vpon her,  
She call'd I know not what, but 'twas indore'd  
To my lou'd *Paris*.

*Iul.* Adde to this I heard her  
Say, when a page receiu'd it, let him waite me  
And carefully in the walke, call'd out retreat;  
Where *Caesar* in his feare to giue offence,  
Vnsent for neuer enters.

*Parth.* This being certaine  
(For these are more then italous suppositions)

Why

THE TRAGEDIE

Why doe not you that are so neere in blood  
Discover it?

*Domit.* Alas you know wee dare not.  
Twill be receaued for a malicious practise  
To free vs from that flatterie, which her pride  
Imposes on vs. But if you would please  
To breake the ice on paine to be suncke euer  
We would anerre it.

*Parth.* I would second you,  
But that I am commanded with all speede  
To fetch in *Afcisario* the *Chaldean*,  
Who in his absence is condemn'd of treason  
For calculating the natiuitie  
Of *Cesar*, with all confidence fore-telling  
In euerie circumstance when he shall die  
A violent death. Yet if you could approue  
Of my directions I would haue you speake  
As much to *Aretinus*, as you haue  
To me deliuer'd. He in his owne nature  
Being a spie, on weaker grounds no doubt  
Will vnder take it, not for goodnesse sake  
(With which he neuer yet held correspondence)

But to endea're his vigilant oblernings  
Of what concerns the Emperour, and a little  
To triumph in the ruines of this *Paris*  
That cros'd him in the Senate house. Here he comes  
His nose held vp, he hath something in the winde,  
Or I much erre alreadie. My designs  
Command me hence great Ladies, but I leaue  
My wishes with you.

*Aret.* Haue I caught your greatnes  
In the trap my proud *Augustus*?

*Domit.* What is't taps him?

*Aret.* And my fine Roman Actor is reuen for  
No courser dish to take your wanton palate  
Saue that which but the Emperour none durst tast off?  
Tis very well. I needs must glory in  
This rare discoverie, but the rewards

*Enter Aretinus.*

*Exit Parthenius.*

# THE ROMAN FACTOR;

Of my intelligence, bid me thinke even now,  
By an edict from *Caesar* I haue power,  
To tread vpon the necke of haughty *Rome*,  
Disposing offices, and Provinces,  
To my kinsmen, friends and clients.

*Demit.* This is more  
Then vsuall with him,

*Jul. Aretinus?*

*Aret.* How?

No more respect and reuerence tender'd to mee:  
But *Aretinus*: 'tis confes'd that title  
When you were Princesses, and commanded all  
Had beene a fauour; but being as you are  
Vassals to a proud woman, the worst bondage;  
You stand oblig'd with as much adoration  
To entertaine him, that comes arm'd with strength,  
To breake your fetters, as stand gallie-slaves  
Pay such as doe redeeme them from the oare  
I come not to intrap you, But aloud  
Pronounce that you are manumiz'd, and to make  
Your libertie sweeter, you shall see her fall,  
(This Empresse, this *Demetia*, what you will)  
That triumph'd in your miseries.

*Demit.* Were you serious  
To proue your accusation, I could lend  
Some helpe.

*Car.* And I.

*Jul.* And I.

*Aret.* No atome to mee.

My eyes, and eares are euery where, I know all.  
To the line and action in the play that tooke her;  
Her quicke dissimulation to excuse  
Her being transported, with her morning passion;  
I brib'd the boy that did convey the letter,  
And hauing perus'd it, made it vp againe  
Your griefes, and angers, are to me familiar  
That *Paris* is brought to her, and how faire,  
He shall be tempted.

*Demit.*



# ROMAN TRAGEDIE.

*Domit.* This is above wonder.

*Aret.* My gold can worke much stranger miracles.  
Then to corrupt poore waiters. Heere ioyne with me  
'Tis a complaint to *Caesar*. This is that  
Shall ruine her, and raise you. Haue you set your hands  
To the accusation.

*Iul.* And will iustifie  
What we haue subscrib'd to.

*Can.* And with vehemencie.

*Domit.* I will deliuer it.

*Aret.* Leau the rest to me then.

*Enter Caesar with his Guard.*

*Cas.* Let our Lieutenants bring vs victory,  
While we enioy the fruites of peace at home;  
And being secur'd from our intestine foes,  
Far worse then forreine enemies, doubts, and feares;  
Though all the skie were hung with blazing meteors,  
Which fond Astrologers giue out to be  
Assur'd presages of the change of Empires,  
And deaths of Monarchs, wee vndsunied yet  
Guarded with our ownethunder, bid defiance;  
To them, and fate, we being too strongly arm'd  
For them to wound vs.

*Aret. Caesar.*

*Iul.* As thou art  
More then a man.

*Can.* Let not thy passions bee  
Rebellious to thy reason.

*The Petition deliuer'd.*

*Domit.* But receiue  
This tryall of your constancie, as vnmou'd.

# THE ROMAN MOTOR,

As you goe to, or from the Capitoll,  
Thanks giuen to *Ioue* for triumphs?

*Caſ.* He is a man of great power,  
*Domit.* Vouchsafe

A while to stay the lightning of your eyes,  
Poore mortalls dare not looke on.

*Arct.* There's no veine  
Of yours, that rises high with rage, but is  
An earthquake to vs.

*Domit.* And if not kept clos'd  
With more then humane patience in a moment  
Will swallow vs to the center.

*Can.* Not that we  
Repine to serue her, are we her accusers.

*Iul.* But that she's false so low.

*Arct.* Which on iure proves  
VVe can make good.

*Domitil.* And Show she is vnworthie  
Of the least sparke of that diuine fire  
You haue confid' vpon her.

*Ces.* I stand doubtfull  
And vnresolu'd what to determine of you.

In this malicious violence you haue offer'd  
To the Altar of her truth, and purenesse to me,  
You haue but fruitlesly labour'd to fallye

A whiterobe of perfection, blackmouth'd enuie  
Could belch no spot on. But I will put off  
The deitie, you labour to take from me,

And argue out of probabilities with you  
As if I weare a man. Can I beleue  
That she, that borrowes all her light from me,

And knowes to vse it, would betray her darknesse  
To your intelligence, and make that apparent,  
Which by her perturbations in a play

Vvas yesterday but doubted and find none,  
But you that are her slanes, and therefore hate her  
VWhose aydes she might imploy to make way for her

Or *Arctinnus* whom long since she knew

To be the Cabinet counsaillor, say the key  
Of *Cæsars* secrets? could her beauty raise her  
To this vnequall height to make her fall  
The more remarkable? or must my desires  
To her, and wrongs to *Lamia* be returned  
By her, and on her selfe that drew on both  
Or she leave out imperiall bed to court  
A publicke actor?

*Art.* who dares contradict  
These more then humaine reasons, that have power  
To cloth base guilt, in the most glorious shape  
Of innocence?

*Demis.* To wel she know the strength  
And eloquence of her patron to defend her,  
And thereupon presuming fell securely  
Not fearing an accuser, nor the truth,  
Produc' daagainst her, which your lone and fauour  
Will ne're discerne from falshood.

*Cas.* I'll not heere  
A syllable more that may inuie a change  
In my opinion of her. You haue rais'd  
A fiercer war within me by this fable,  
(Though with your liues you vowe to make it storie)  
Then it, and at one instant all my legions  
Reuolted from me, and came arm'd against me  
Heere in this paper are the swords predestin'd  
For my destruction; heere the fatall stars  
That threaten more then nyne; this the deaths head  
That doth assure me, if she can proue false  
That I am mortall, which a fydaine feauer  
Would prompt me to beleene, and faynly yeeld to.  
But now in my full confidence what she suffers  
In that, from any witness, but my selfe,  
I nourish a suspicion she' ouer me men blood  
My roughnes retunes to me. Lead on Monsters,  
And by the forfeit of your liues consume  
She is all excellence, heere all base,  
Or let mankind for her fall, boldly she care

# THE ROMAN VICTOR.

There are no chaff wines now, nor ever were.

*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V, III. SCENA, 5.

*Enter Domitia, Paris, Sernanus.*

*Domit.* Say we command, that none presume to dare  
On forfeit of our fauour, that is life,  
Out of a sawcie curiousnesse to stand  
Within the distance of their eyes, or eares,  
Till we please to be waited on. And firrha  
Howe're you are excepted, let it not  
Beget in you an arrogant opinion  
'Tis done to grace you.

*Exeunt ser.*

*Sernanus.*

*Par.* With my humblest seruice  
I but obey your summons, and should blush else  
To be so neare you.

*Domit.* 'T would become you rather  
To feare, the greatnesse of the grace vouchsaf'd you  
May ouerwhelme you, and 'twill doe no lesse.  
If when you are rewarded, in your cups  
You boast this priuacie.

*Par.* That were mightiest Empreffe  
To play with lightning.

*Domit.* You conceiue it right.  
The meanes to kill, or saue, is not alone  
In *Caesar* circumscrib'd, for if incens'd  
We haue our thunder to, that strikes as deadly.

*Par.* 'T would ill become the lownesse of my fortune  
To question what you can doe, but withall  
Humilitie to attend what is your will,  
And then to serue it.

*Domit.* And would not a secret  
(Suppose we should commit it to your trust)  
Scald you to keepe it?

*Par.* Though it rag'd within me  
Till I turn'd cynders, it should ne're haue vent,  
To be an age a dying, and with torture

*Only*



# TRAGEDIE.

Onely to be thought worthy of your counsaile,  
Or a statute what you command to me.  
A wretched obscure thing, not worth your knowledge,  
Were a perpetuall happinesse.

*Domit.* We could wish  
That we could credit thee, and cannot find  
In reason but that thou whom oft I haue seene  
To personate a Gentleman, noble, wise,  
Faithfull, and gainesome, and what vertues else  
The Poet pleases to adorne you with  
(But that as vessels still pertake the odour  
Of the sweete pretious liquors they contain'd)  
Thou must be reallic in some degree  
The thing thou dost present. Nay doe not tremble,  
We seriouſlie beleeeue it, and presume  
Our *Paris* is the volume in which all  
Those excellent guifts the Stage hath scene him grac'd with  
Are curiously bound vp.

*Par.* The argument  
Is the same great *Augustus*, that I acting,  
A foole, a coward, a traytor or cold cinique  
Or any other weake, and vitious person  
Of force I must be such. O gracious Madam,  
How glorious soeuer, or deform'd,  
I doe appeare in the Scene, my part being ended,  
And all my borrowed ornaments put off,  
I am no more, nor lesse then what I was  
Before I enter'd.

*Domit.* Come you would put on  
A wilfull ignorant, and not vnderstand,  
What 'tis we point at. Must we in plaine language,  
Against the decent modestie of our sex,  
Say that we loue thee? loue thee to enjoy thee,  
Or that in our desires thou art preferr'd,  
And *Cesar* but thy second? thou in iustice  
If from the height of Maiestie we can  
(Looke downe vpon thy lownesse and embrace it.)  
Art bound with seruior to looke up to me.

# THE ROMAN FACTOR.

*Par.* O Madam heare me with a patient eare  
And be but pleas'd to vnderstand the reasons  
That doe deterte me from a happinesse  
Kings would be rivals for. Can I that owe  
My life, and all that's mine to *Cæsar's* bounties  
Beyond my hopes, or merits shew'd upon me,  
Make payment for them with ingratitude,  
Falshood, and treason? Though you haue a shape  
Might tempe *Hippolitus*, and larger power  
To helpe, or hurt, then wanton *Phœdrus* had,  
Let loyaltie, and dutie plead my pardon  
Though I refuse to satisfie.

*Demit.* You are coy  
Expecting I should court you, let meane Ladies  
Vse prayers, and intreaties to their creatures  
To rise vp instruments to serue their pleasures;  
But for *Augusta* so to loose her selfe  
That holds command o're *Cæsar*, and the world,  
Were poeritie of spirit. Thou must, thou shalt,  
The violence of my passions knowes no meane,  
And in my punishments, and my rewards  
I'll vse no moderation. Take this onely  
As a caution from me. Thread-bare Chastitie,  
Is poore in the aduancement of her seruants,  
But wantonnesse magnificent, and 'cis frequent  
To haue the Salarie of vice waigh'd downe  
The pay of vertue. So without more trifling  
Thy sadaine answer.

*Par.* In what a straight am I brought in!  
Alas I know that the denial's death,  
Nor can my grant discouer'd threaten more,  
Yet to dye innocent, and haue the glorie  
For all posteritie to report that I  
Refus'd an Emperre to preferue my faith  
To my great master, in true iudgement must  
Show fairer then to buy a guiley life,  
With wealth, and honour. 'Tis the base of build on  
I dare not, must nor, will not.

*Demit.*

# TRAGEDIA. H H T

*Domit.* How contempt'd  
 Since hopes, nor fears in the extremes presentie not  
 I must use a meane. Think who 'tis that to thee  
 Diale not that yet which a brother may  
 Grant to his sister as a testimonie. *Cesar Arcadius Julia*  
 I am not scorn'd. Kisse me. Kisse me againe. *Domitilla Ca-*  
 Kisse closer. Thou art now my *Trojan Paris* *my above.*  
 And I thy *Helen*.

*Par.* Since it is your will.

*Cas.* And I am *Menelaus*. But I shall be *Cesar*  
 Something I know not yet. *descends.*

*Domit.* Why lose we time  
 And opportunitie. These are but fallads  
 To sharpen appetite. Let us to the feast. *Courting Paris*  
 Where I shall wish that thou wert *Jupiter* *wantonly.*  
 And I *Alcmena*, and that I had power  
 To lengthen out and short night as I please  
 And so beget a *Hercules*.

*Cas.* While *Amphitruo*  
 Stands by, and draws the curtains.

*Par.* Oh? —

*Domit.* Betrai'd?

*Cas.* No, taken in a net of *Kolcan* fling  
 Wherein my selfe the *Theater* of the Gods  
 Are sad spectators, nor one of em daring  
 To witnesse with a smile he does desire  
 To be so shami'd for all the pleasure that  
 You have sold your being for. What shall I name thee?  
 Ingratefull, trecherous, insatiate, all  
 Innectiues, which in bitterness of spirit  
 Wrong'd men have breath'd out against wicked women.  
 Cannot expresse thee. Haue I ray'd thee from  
 Thy lowe condition to the height of greatness  
 Command, and Maiestie in one bala  
 To render me (that was before I hugg'd thee)  
 An adder in my bosome more then man  
 A thing beneath a beast? did I force thee  
 Of mine owne blood as handmaids to kneele to

Thy

# THE ROMAN LACTOR.

Thy pompe, and pride, hauing my life no thought.  
But how with benefits to binde thee mine;  
And am I thus rewarded? not a knee?  
Nor teare? nor signe of sorrow for thy fault?  
Breake stubborne silence. What canst thou allege  
To stay my vengeance?

*Domit.* This. Thy lust compelled me  
To be a strumpet, and mine hath return'd it.  
In my intent, and will, though nor in act  
To cuckhold thee.

*Cas.* O impudence I take her hence  
And let her make her entrance into hell  
By leauing life with all the tortures that  
Flesh can be sensible of. Yet stay. What power  
Her beaurie still holds o're my soule that wrongs  
Of this vnardonable nature cannot reach me.  
To right my selfe and hate her? Kill her, waite blood.  
O that my dorage should increase from that  
Which should breed detestation. By *Minerua*  
If I looke on her longer, I shall melt  
And sue to her. My iniuries forgot  
Againe to be receiu'd into her fauour  
Could honour yeild to it I Carrie her to her Chamber,  
Be that her prison rill in cooler blood  
I shall determine of her.

*Aras.* Now step I in  
While he's in this calme mood for my reward.  
Sir, if my seruice hath deseru'd

*Cas.* Yes, Yes,  
And I'll reward thee, thou hast rob'd me of  
All rest, and peace, and bin the principall meanes  
To make me know that of which if againe  
I could be ignorant of, I would purchase it  
With the losse of Empire; strangle him, take these hence to  
And lodge them in the dungeon; could your reason  
Dull wretches flatter you with hope to thinke  
That this discouerie that hath shew'd vpon me  
Perpetuall vexation should not fall

Heavie



NOTES TRAGEDIE

Heaue on you? away with em, stop their mouths  
I will heare no reply. O *Paris*, *Paris* *Exeunt Guard Arri-*  
How shall I argue with thee? how begin, *Ant. Julia*, *Canis*.  
To make thee vnderstand before I kill thee, *Domitilla*.  
With what griefe and vnwillingnes tis forc'd from mee  
Yet in respect I haue fauourd thee, I will heere  
What thou canst speake to qualefie, or excuse  
Thy readinesse to serue this womans lust.  
And wish thou couldst giue me such satisfaction  
As I might burie the remembrance of it;  
Looke vp. We stand attentue;

*Par.* O dread *Cesar*,  
To hope for life, or pleade in the defence  
Of my ingratitude were againe to wrong you.  
I know I haue deseru'd death. And my last is  
That you would hasten it; yet that your highnes  
When I am dead (as sure I will not liue)  
May pardon me I'll onely vrge my frailtie.  
Her will, and the temptation of that beautie  
Which you could not resist. How would poore I then  
Fly that which followd me, and *Cesar* in a dolefull thought  
This is all. And now your sentence.

*Ces.* Which I know not  
How to pronounce, O that thy fault had bin  
But such as I might pardon; if thou hadst  
In wantonnesse (like *Nere*) fir'd proud *Rome*  
Betraide an armie, butcherd the whole Senate,  
Committed Sacriledge, or any crime  
The iustice of our *Roman* lawes calls death,  
I had preuented any intercession  
And freely sign'd thy pardon.

*Par.* But for this  
Alas you cannot, nay you must not Sir  
Nor let it to posteritie be recorded  
That *Cesar* vnreueng'd, sufferd a wrong,  
Which if a priuate man should sit downe with it  
Cowards would basell him.

*Ces.*

# THE ROMAN MOTOR,

*Cas.* With such true feeling  
Thou art well against thy selfe, that it  
Workes more vpon me, then if my *Mistress*  
The grand protectress of my life, and Empire,  
On forfeite of her raubing cry'd aloud  
*Cas.* show mercie. And I know not how  
I am inclinde to it. *Rafe.* I'll promise nothing,  
Yet cleare thy cloudie feares and cherishe hopes,  
What we must doe, we shall doe; we remember  
A Tragedie, we be haue seen with pleasure,  
Call'd, the *Falsa Seruans*.

*Par.* Such a one we haue Sir.

*Cas.* In which a great Lord takes to his protection  
A man forlorne, giuing him ample power  
To order, and dispose of his estate  
In his absence, he pretending then a journey.  
But yet with this restraint that on no termes  
This Lord suspecting his wifes constancie  
(She hauing play'd false to a former husband)  
The seruant though he followed a should content  
Though she commanded him to quench her flames.

*Par.* That was indeed the argument.

*Cas.* And what  
Didst thou play in it?

*Par.* The false seruant Sir.

*Cas.* Thou didst indeed. Do the Players waite without?

*Par.* They doe Sir and prepare to act the storie  
Your Maiestie mention'd.

*Cel.* Call 'em in. Who presents  
The iniur'd Lord?

*Emer Aesopus, Latinus, a Boy dress'd for a Ladie.*

*Aesop.* Tis my part Sir.

*Cas.* Thou didst not

Doe it to the life. We can performe it better,  
Off with my Robe, and wreath, since *Nero* scorn'd not  
The publike Theater, we in priuate may

Disport our selves. This cloake, and hat without  
Wearing a beard, or other propertie  
Will fit the person.

*Esop.* Onely Sir a foyle  
The point, and edge rebutted, when you set  
To doe the murder. If you please to vse this  
And lay aside your owne sword.

*Cas.* By no means.  
In iest nor earnest this parts neuer from me.  
We'l haue but one short Sojane. That where the Ladies  
In an imperious way commands the seruant  
To be vnthankfull to his patron when  
My cue's to enter prompt me may begin  
And doe it spritely though but a new Actor,  
When I come to excurion you shall find  
No cause to laugh at me.

*Lar.* In the name of wonder  
What's *Cas*'s purpose?

*Esop.* There is no contending.

*Cas.* Why when?

*Par.* I am arm'd.  
And stood grim death now within my view and his  
Vneuitable dart aim'd at my breast  
His cold embraces should not bring an ague  
To any of my faculties, till his pleasures  
Were seru'd, and satisfied, which done *Niseros* yeeres,  
To me would be vnwelcome.

*Boy.* Must we intreate,  
That were borne to command, or court a seruant  
(That owes his foode and cloathing to our bountie)  
For that, which thou ambitionlie shouldst kneele for?  
Vrge not in thy excuse the fauours of  
Thy absent Lord, or that thou standst engag'd  
For thy life to his Charitie; nor thy feares  
Of what may follow, it being in my power  
To mould him any way.

*Par.* As you may see  
In what his reputation is not wounded

THE ROMAN MOTOR.

Nor I his creature in my thankfulness suffer.  
I know you are young, and faire, be vertuous too  
And loyall to his bed, that hath aduanc'd you  
To th' height of happinesse.

*Boy.* Can my loueficks heart  
Be cur'd with counsell? or durst reason-euer  
Offer to put in an exploded plea  
In the Court of *Venus*. My desires admit not  
The least delay. And therefore instantly  
Giue me to vnderstand what I shall trust to,  
For if I am refus'd, and not enioy  
Those rauishing pleasures from thee, I run mad for;  
I'll swear vnto my Lord at his returne  
(Making what I deliner good with teares)  
That brutishly thou wouldst haue forc'd from me  
What I make suit for. And then but imagine  
What 'tis to dye with these words: slave, and traytor,  
With burning corrasines writ vpon thy forehead,  
And liue prepar'd for.

*Par.* This he will beleue  
Vpon her information. 'Tis apparent  
And then I am nothing. And of two extreames  
Wisedome sayes chose the lesse. Rather then fall  
Vnder your indignation, I will yeeld  
This kisse, and this confirms it.

*Esop.* Now. Sir now.

*Cas.* I must take them at it.

*Esop.* Yes Sir, be but perfect.

*Cas.* O villaine! chankelisse villaine! I should talke now;  
But I haue forgot my part. But I candoe,  
Thus, thus, and thus.

*Par.* Oh, I am slaine in earnest. *Kils Paris.*

*Cas.* 'Tis true, and 'twas my purpose my good *Paris*.  
And yet before life leaue thee, let the honour  
I haue done thee in thy death bring comfort to thee  
If it had beene within the power of *Caesar*  
His dignitie prefer'd he had pardon'd thee.  
But crueltie of honour did deny it.

Yet



# A TRAGEDIE.

Yet to confirme I lo'd direct 'twas my study  
To make thy end more glorious to distinguish  
My *Paris* from all others, and in that  
Have shovne my pittie. Nor would I let thee fall  
By a Centurions sword, or haue thy limbes  
Rent peece meale by the hangmans hooke howeuer;  
Thy crime deseru'd it: but as thou didst liue  
*Romes* brauest Actor, 'twas my plot that thou  
Shouldst dye in action, and to crowne it dye  
With an applause induring to all times,  
By our imperiall hand. His soule is freed  
From the prison of his flesh, let it mount vpward  
And for this truncke when that the funerall pile  
Hath made it ashes, we'll see it inclos'd  
In a golden urne. Poets adorne his hearse  
With their most rauishing sorrowes, and the stage  
For euer moune him, and all such as were  
His glad spectators weepe his suddaine death,  
The cause forgotten in his Epitaph. *Exeunt. A sad musicke.*

*sicke the Players bearing off Paris  
body, Caesar and the rest following.*

*The end of the fourth Act.*

## ACTVS, V. SCÆNA, 1.

*Enter Parthenius, Stephanos, Guard.*

*Parth.* Keepe a strong guard vpon him, and admit not  
Access to any, to exchange a word,  
Or syllable with him, till the Emperour please  
To call him to his presence. The relation  
That you haue made me *Stephanos* of these late  
Strange passions in *Caesar*, much amaze me.  
The informer *Avernius* put to death  
For yeelding him a true discouerie  
Of th'Empresse wantonnesse; poore *Paris* kild first  
And now lamented; and the Princesses

# THE ROMAN VICTOR.

Confin'd to severall Islands, yet I have  
The mashing on which all this mischief men'd  
Receiv'd againe to grace?

*Steph.* Nay count'd to it.  
(Such is the impotence of his affection)  
Yet, to conceal his weaknesse he gives out  
The people made suit for her, whom they hate more  
Then ciuill warre, or famine. But take heed  
My Lord, that nor in your consent nor wishes  
You lenc or furtherance, or fauour to  
The plot contriu'd against her, should she prouide.  
Nay doubt, if onely you are a lost man  
Her power's ore doting *Cæsar* being now  
Greater then euer.

*Parth.* 'Tis a truth I shake at.  
And when there's opportunicie,

*Steph.* Say but doe.  
I am yours, and sure.

*Parth.* I will stand one tryall more  
And then you shall heare from me.

*Steph.* Now obserue  
The fondnesse of this tyranne, and her pride.

*Enter Caesar and Domitia.*

*Cæs.* Nay all's forgotten.

*Domit.* It may be on your part.

*Cæs.* Forgiuen to *Domitia* 'tis a fauour

That you should welcome with more cheerefull looks  
Can *Cæsar* pardon what you durst not hope for  
That did the iniurie, and yet must sue  
To her whose guilt is wash'd off by his mercy  
Onely to entertaine it.

*Domit.* I ask'd none.  
And I should be more wretched to receive  
Remission (for what I hold no crime)  
But by a bare acknowledgement then if  
By scighting, and contemning it, as now

# TRAGEDIE.

I dar'd thy vmoſt furie. Though thy flatterers  
Perſwade thee, that thy murders, luſts, and rapes  
Are vertues in thee, and what pleaſes *Cæſar*  
Though neuer ſoyiaſt is right, and lawfull,  
Or works in thee a falſe beleeſe that thou  
Art more then mortall, yet I to thy teeth  
(When circ'd with thy Guards, thy rods, thy axes,  
And all the enſignes of thy boated power)  
Will ſay *Domiſian*, nay adde to it *Cæſar*  
Is a weake feeble man, a bondman to  
His violent paſſions, and in that my ſlaue.  
Nay more my ſlaue, then my affections made me  
To my lou'd *Paris*.

*Cæſ.* Can I liue, and heare this?  
Or heare and not revenge it? come, you know  
The ſtrength that you hold on me, doe not vſe it  
VVith too much cruelty, for though 'tis granted  
That *Eſdian Omphale* had leſſe command  
O're *Hercules*, then you vſurpe ore me,  
Reason may teach me to ſhake off the yoke  
Of my fond dotage.

*Domiſ.* Neuer, doe not hope it  
It cannot be. Thou bring my beauties captiue  
And not to be redeem'd, my Empire's larger  
Then thine *Damiſian*, which I'll exerciſe  
VVith rigor on thee, for my *Paris* death.  
And when I haue fore'd thoſe eyes now red with fury  
To drop downe teares, in vaine ſpent to appeaſe me  
I know thy fertior ſuch to my embraces  
(Which ſhall be, though ſtill kneel'd for, ſtil deni'd thee)  
That thou with languishment ſhalt with my *Aſtor*  
Did liue againe, ſo thou might'ſt be his ſecond  
To feede vpon thoſe delicacies, when he's ſated.

*Cæſ.* O my *Minerva*!

*Domiſ.* There ſhe is inuoke her  
Shee cannot arme thee with abilitie  
To draw thy ſword on me, my power being greater  
Or onely ſay to thy Centurions

# THE ROMAN ACTOR,

Dare none of you doe what I shake to thinke on?  
And in this womans death remoue the furie  
That enery houre afflict mee? *Lamius* wrongs  
When thy lust forc'd mee from him, are in mee  
At the height reueng'd, nor would I out-lie *Paris*  
But that thy loue increasing with my hate  
May adde vnto thy tormentes, so withall  
Contempt I can't leaue thee. *Exit Domitia.*

*Cas.* I am lost  
Nor am I *Cesar*, when I first betray'd  
The freedom of my faculties, and will  
To this imperious Siren. I layd downe  
The Empire of the world, and of my selfe  
At her proud secte. Sleepe all my irefull powers?  
Or is the magique of my dotage such  
That I must still make suite to heare those charmes  
That doe increase my thraldome? wake my anger,  
For shame breake through this Lethargie, and appeare  
With vsuall terror, and enable mee  
(Since I weare not a sword to pierce her heart,  
Nor haue a tongue to say this let her dye)  
Though 'tis done with a feauer-shaken hand *Pulls out a Table booke.*  
To signe her death, assist mee great *Minerva*  
And vindicate thy votarie. So shee's now  
Among the list of those I haue prescrib'd,  
And are to free mee of my doubts, and feares,  
To dye to morrow. *(Writes.)*

*Steph.* That same fatall booke  
Was neuer drawne yet, but some men of rancke  
Were mark'd out for destruction.

*Parth.* I begin  
To doubt my selfe.

*Cas.* Who waites there?

*Parth. Caesar.*

*Cas.* So.

These that command arm'd troupes quake, at my frownes  
And yet a woman fleights 'em. Where's the Wizard  
Wee charg'd you to fetch in?

*Parth.*



ACT OF TRAGEDIE.

*Parib.* Readie to suffer

What death you please t'appoint him.

*Cas.* Bring him in.

*Enter Ascletrio, Tribunes,*

We'll question him our selfe. Now you that hold *Guard.*

Intelligence with the starres, and dare prefixe

The day and houre in which we are to part

With life and Empire, punctually fore-telling

The means, and manner of our violent end,

As you would purchase credit to your art

Resolue me since you are assur'd of vs

What fate attends your selfe?

*Ascletr.* I haue had long since

A certaine knowledge, and assure as thou

Shalt dye to morrow being the fourteenth of

The Kalends of *October*, the houre sine

Spice of preuention, this carkasse shall be

Torne and deuour'd by dogs, and let that stand for a firme

*Cas.* May our body wretch

(prediction.)

Find neuer nobler Sepulcher if this

Fall euer on thee. Are we the great disposer

Of life, and death yet cannot mocke the starres

In such a trifle? Hence with the impostor,

And hauing cut his throat, erect a pile

Guarded with souldiers, till his cursed trunkes

Be turn'd to ashes, vpon forfeite of

Your life, and theirs, performe it.

*Ascletr.* 'Tis in vaine,

When what I haue foretold is made apparent

Tremble to thinke what followes.

*Cas.* Drag him hence

*The Guard bears off Ascletrio;*

And doe as I command you. I was neuer

Fuller of confidence, for hauing got

The victorie of my passions, in my freedome

From proud *Domitia* (who shall cease to liue

Since she disdainest o loue) I rest vnmon'd

And in defiance of prodigious meteors,

*Chaldeans* vaine predictions, iealous feares

Of my neere friends, and freemen, certaine hate

THE ROMAN VACTOR.

Of kindred, and alliance, or all terrors  
The souldiers doubted faith, or peoples rage  
Can bring to shake my constancie I am arm'd.  
That scrupulous thing full'd Conscience is fear'd  
And I insensible of all my actions  
For which by morrall and religious sooles  
I stand condemn'd, as they had neuer beene  
And since I haue subdu'd triumphant loue  
I will not deifie pale captiue feare  
Nor in a thought reccine it. Fortill thou  
Wilest *Minerva* that from my first youth,  
Hast beene my sole protectresse, dost forsake me  
Not *Iunius Rusticus*, threatned apparition,  
Nor what this Southfayer but eyn now foretold  
(Being things impossible to humane reason)  
Shall in a dreame disturbe me. Bring my couch there  
A sudaine but a secure drouinesse  
Inuities me to repose my selfe. Let Musicke  
With some choyse dittie second it. In the meane time  
Rest there deare booke, which open'd when I wake  
Shall make some sleepe for euer. *The booke under his Pillow.*

*Enter Parthenius and Domitius. Caesar sleeps.*

*Domit.* Write my name  
In his bloudie scrole *Parthenius* & the feare's idle  
He durst not, could not.

*Parth.* I can assure nothing  
But I obseru'd when you departed from him  
After some little passion, but much furie,  
He drew it out, whose death he sign'd I know not  
But in his lookes appear'd a resolution  
Of what before he stagger'd at. What he hath  
Determin'd of is vncertaine, but too soone  
Will fall on you, or me, or both, or any  
His pleasure knowne to the Tribunes, and Centurions,  
Who neuer vse to enquire his will but serue it,  
Now if out of the confidence of your power,  
The bloudie Catalogue being still about him

ACT II

As he sleeps you dare peruse it, or remove it  
You may instruct your selfe or what to suffer,  
Or how to cross it.

*Domit.* I would not be caught  
With too much confidence. By your leave Sir. Ha! I will  
No motion! you lye vntill Sir,  
Let me mend your Pillow.

*Part.* Have you it?

*Domit.* 'Tis heere.

*Cas.* Oh.

*Part.* You have wak'd him, softly gracious Madam  
While we are vnknowne, and then consult at leisure.

*Exeunt Partolina, and Domitia.*

*A dreadful Musicks sounding. Enter Junius Rusticus, and Palphurus Sura, with bloudie swords, they waken him out his head. Caesar in his sleepe troubled, seems to pray to the Image, they scornfully take it away.*

Defend me goddess, or this horrid dreame  
Will force me to distraction. Whether haue  
These furies borne thee? Let me rise! and follow  
I am bath'd o're with the cold sweat of death,  
And am depriv'd of organs to pursue  
These sacriligious spirits. Am I at once  
Robb of my hopes, and being? No; I live  
Yet liue, and haue discourse to know my selfe  
Of Gods, and men forsaken. What accuser  
Within me cries aloud, I haue defen'd it,  
It being iust to neither. Who dares speake this?  
Am I not *Caesar*? how I againe repeate it!  
Presumptuous traytor thou shalt dye, what traytor?  
He that hath bene a traytor to himselfe  
And stands conuicted heere. Yet who can sit  
A competent Iudge o're *Caesar*? *Caesar*, Yes  
*Caesar* by *Caesar*'s, sentenc'd: and must suffer  
*Minerva* cannot save him. Ha! where is she  
Where is my goddess? vanish'd! I am lost then  
No't was no dreame, but a most reall truth.

THE ROMAN LECTOR.

That *Iunius Rusticus*, and *Palphurine Sack*, now couch'd in A  
Although their ashes were cast in the sea, but in vain so  
Were by their innocence made vp againe. O how of woe  
And in corporeall formes but now appear'dow I. And  
Wauing their bloudie swordes about my head, as if they  
As at their deathes they threatned. And methought om  
*Minerva* rauish'd hence whisper'd that she  
Was for my blasphemies disarm'd by *Ioue* or *Mars*.  
And could no more protect me. Yes 'twas so, I  
His thunder does confirme it, against which thunder and  
Howe're it spare the lawrell, this proud wreath lightning.  
Is no assurance. Ha! come you resolu'd women *Enter*  
To be my executioners? *Tribunes*.

1. *Trib.* Allegiance  
And faith forbid that we should lift an arme  
Against your sacred head.

2. *Trib.* We rather sue  
For mercie.

3. *Trib.* And acknowledge that in iustice  
Our liues are forfeited for not performing  
What 'asur' charg'd vs.

1. *Trib.* Nor did we transgresse it  
In our want of will, or care, for being but men  
It could not be in vs to make resistance,  
The Gods fighting against vs.

*Cas.* Speake in what  
Did they expresse their anger? we will heere it  
But dare not say vndaunted.

1. *Trib.* In briefe thus six  
The Sentence giuen by your imperiall tongue  
For the *Astrologer* *Ascalaris* death  
With speede was put in execution.

*Cas.* Well.

1. *Trib.* For his throat cut, his legs bound, and his  
Pinion'd behinde his backe, the breathlesse troncke  
Was with all soorne dragg'd to the field of *Mars*  
And there a pile being rais'd of old dry wood  
Smeer'd o're with oyle, and brimstone, or what else  
Could



ACT V. A TRAGEDIE.

Could helpe to feede, or to increase the fire  
The Carkeffe was throwne on it; but no sooner  
The stuffe, that was most apt, began to flame;  
But suddenly to the amazement of  
The searelesse souldier, a suddaine flash  
Of lightning breaking through the scatter'd cloude  
With such a horrid violence fore'd its passage  
And as disdainning all heate but it selfe  
In a moment quench'd the artificiall fire.  
And before we could kindle it againe  
A clap of thunder follow'd with such noyse,  
As if then *Ioue* incens'd againt mankind  
Had in his secret purposes determin'd  
An vniuersall ruine to the world.  
This horror past, not at *Democritus* flood  
Such a stormie shower of ruine (and yet that word is  
Too narrow to expresse it) was re-scene  
Imagine rather Sir, that with less fitnesse  
The Waves run downe the Characters of *Nile*,  
Or that the Sea spouted into the ayre  
By the angry *Orke*, endaungering tall ships  
But sayling neere it, so falls downe againe,  
Yet heere the wonder ends not, but begins  
For as in vaine we labour'd to consume  
The witches bodye, all the Dogs of *Rome*  
Howling, and yelling like to famish'd wolues  
Brake in vpon vs, and though thousands were  
Kild in th' attempt some did ascend the pile  
And with their eager fangs ceas'd on the carkeffe.

*Cas.* But haue they torne it?

*1. Trib.* Torne it, and deuour'd it.

*Cas.* I then am a dead man since all predictions  
Assure me I am lost; O my lou'd souldiers  
Your Emperour must leave you: yet howeuer  
I cannot grant my selfe a short reprieue  
I freely pardon you. The fatall houre  
Steales fast vpon me, I must dye this morning  
By the hand of my souldiers, that in the latest houre

# THE ROMAN ACTOR,

You e're must see me living.

1. Trib. Ioue anert it

In our swords lies your fate, and we will guard it.

Cas. O no, it cannot be, it is decreed,

Above, and by no strengths heere to be altered.

Let prond mortalitie but looke on *Caser*,

Compas'd of late with armies, in his eyes

Carrying both life, and death, and in his armes

Fadoming the earth, that would be stilde a God,

And is for that presumption cast beneath

The low condition of a common man,

Sincking with mine owne waight.

1. Trib. Doe not forsake,

Your selfe wee'll neuer leane you.

2. Trib. VVc'll draw vp

More cohorts of your Guard, if you doubt treason.

Cas. They cannot saue me. The offended Gods

That now sit iudges on me, from their ennie

Of my power and greatnesse heere, conspire against me.

1. Trib. Endeavour to appease them.

Cas. 'Twill be fruitlesse

I am past hope of remission. Yet could I

Decline this dreadfull houre of sin, these terrors

That drive me to despaire would soone flye from me

And could you but till then assure me,

1. Trib. Yes Sir,

Or wee'll fall with you, and make Rowe the vns

In which wee'll mix our ashes.

Cas. 'Tis said noble,

I am something comforted. Howere to dye

Is the full period of calamitie.

ACT V. SCENA 2.

Enter Parthenus, Domitia, Julia, Camilla, Domitia,

Stephanus, Syneus, Euellus,

Parth. You see we are all condemned, there's no escape,

VVe

TRAGEDIE.

We must doe or suffer.

*Steph.* But it must be sūdaine  
The least delay is mortall.

*Domit.* Would I were  
A man to giue it action.

*Domit.* Could I make my approaches though my fla-  
Does promise little, I haue a spirit as daring  
Ashers, that can reach higher.

*Steph.* I will take  
That burthen from you Madam. All the art is  
To draw him from the Tribunes that attend him  
For could you bring him but within my sword reach  
The world should owe her freedom from a tyranne,  
To *Stephanos*.

*Sigs.* You shall not share alone  
The glorie of a deed that will endure  
To all posteritie.

*Emel.* I will put in  
For a part my selfe.

*Parth.* Be resolute, and stand close.  
I haue concei'd a way, and with the hazard  
Of my life I'll practise it to fetch him hither.  
But then no trifling.

*Steph.* We'l despatch him feare nor  
A dead dog neuer bites.

*Parth.* Thus then at all. *Parthenius goes off the stage*  
*and*

*Enter Caesar and the Tribunes*

*Ces.* How slowe pac'd are these minutes! inextreams  
How miserable is the least delay!  
Could I iumpe feathers to the wings of time  
Or with as little ease command the Sonne  
To scourge his coursers vp heauens easterne hill  
Making the hours I tremble at past recalling  
As I can mone this dyals tongue to fix  
My veines, and arteries emptied with feare  
Would fill and swell againe. How doe I looke  
Doe you yet see death about me?

# THE ROMAN ACTOR.

1. Trib. Thinke not of him

There is no danger all these prodigies  
That doe affright you rise from naturall causes  
And though you doe ascribe them to your selfe;  
Had you ne rebeene, had happen'd,

Ces. 'Tis well said,  
Exceeding well braud souldier. Can it be  
That I that feele my selfe in health and strength  
Should still beleue I am so neare my end  
And haue my guards about me? perith all  
Predictions, I grow constant they are false  
And build vpon vncertaincies;

1. Trib. This is right  
Now *Cesar's* hard like *Cesar*.

Ces. We will to  
The Campe, and hauing there confirm'd the souldier  
With a large *Donatus*, and increase of pay  
Some shall. I say no more.

Parth. All happinesse  
Securitie, long life attend vpon  
The Monarch of the World.

Ces. Thy lookes are cheerefull,

Parth. And my relation full of ioy and wonder  
Why is the care of your imperiall body  
My Lord neglected the fear'd houre being past  
In which your your life was threatned.

Ces. Is't past sine?

Parth. Past fix vpon my knowledge, and iniustice  
Your Clocke master should dyo that hath deferd  
Your peace so long. There is a post new lighted  
That brings asfor'd intelligence, that your legions  
In *Siria* haue wonne a glorious day,  
And much enlarg'd your Empire, I haue kept him  
Conceal'd that you might not pertake the pleasure  
In priuate, and the Senate from your selfe  
Be taught to vnderstand how much they owe  
To you and to your Fortune; H

Ces. Hence pale feare then  
Leade



NO LEYKAGE THEATRE

Lead me *Parthenius*.

1. *Trib.* Shall we waite you?

*Cas.* No.

After losses *Guards* are vsall. know your distance. *Exeunt*

2. *Trib.* How strangely hopes delude men, as *Hiis* *Cas.*

The houre is not yet come. *of gniuzed and Parthenius.*

1. *Trib.* Howere we are

Topay our dutiss, and observe the sequele. *Exeunt Trib.*

*Enter Casar, and Parthenius.*

*Domit.* I heare him comming, be constant.

*Cas.* Where *Parthenius* is this glad messenger.

*Steph.* Make the doore fast. Heere, a messenger of hor-

*Cas.* How I betraid? *(ror.*

*Domit.* No taken tyranne.

*Cas.* My *Domitia* in the conspiracie!

*Parth.* Behold this booke.

*Cas.* Nay then I am lost. Yer though I am vvarnd

I'll not fall poorly. *Exeunt Stephanos.*

*Steph.* Helpe me.

*Ensl.* Thus, and thus.

*Sije.* Are you so long a falling?

*Cas.* 'Tis done, 'tis done basely. *falls, and dyes.*

*Parth.* This for my Fathers death.

*Domit.* This for my *Paris*,

*Inl.* This for thy Incest *These severally Rab bins.*

*Domit.* This for thy abuse of *Domitilla.*

*Enter Tribunes.*

1. *Trib.* Forcethe doores. O *Mars*!

What haue you done.

*Parth.* What *Rome* shall giue vs thanks for.

*Steph.* Despatch'd a Monster.

1. *Trib.* Yet he was our Prince

How euer wicked, and in you this murder

Which whosoe're succeeds him will reuenge.

Nor will we that seru'd vnder his command

*Con.*

# THE ROMAN LECTOR.

Consent that such a monster as thy selfe  
(For in thy wickednesse, *Angela's title*  
Hath quite forsooke thee) thou shalt want the ground  
Of all these mischiefs, shall goe downe vpon this  
My hands on her. And drag her to sentence,  
We will referre the hearing to the Senate  
Who may at their best leisure censure you  
Take vp his body. He in death hath payd  
For all his cruelties. There's the difference  
Good Kings are mourn'd for after life, but ill  
And such as govern'd onely by their will  
And not their reason. Volumented fall  
No Goodmans teares shed at their Funerall.

FINIS



